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THE WAR.

ON the Saturday of last week the French army sustained two separate and most decisive defeats at the hands of Germany. This reverse of the French arms was as complete and overwhelming as it was unexpected. At Wörth and at Saarbrück exactly the same thing happened. A large French force was left in a position of utter isolation to contend with a hostile force enormously larger. The main body of the French was so placed and so used that it could give no more assistance to the divisions engaged than if it had been at Paris. The French soldiers fought splendidly, but they were sacrificed, and fought and died knowing that they were sacrificed by the utter imbecility of those at the head of affairs. MACMAHON is said, no one can guess how truly, to have remonstrated bitterly against the folly which bade him lead to destruction the magnificent force under his command. But he obeyed orders, and, after nearly losing his own life, carried off as best he could the crushed fragments of his force. He tried to make for Bitsche, but found it too dangerous; he then retreated to Saverne, and from Saverne he has been pushed back to Nancy. The Germans did not boast of their successes, and the French concealed their reverses; and it is only gradually that we learn how crushing the defeats were that the French sustained. The battle at Sicheren, just above Saarbrück, attracted little attention at first; but it is now known that FROSSARD was as much sacrificed, fought as hard, and suffered as terribly as MACMAHON. Everywhere along the whole front line of the French army there was the same story. Not the faintest attempt was made to combine the movements of the troops or to ascertain the movements of the enemy. A slight incident reveals perhaps more strikingly than anything else how absolute was the want of information among the French troops of what was happening and had happened even in their vicinity. After the CROWN PRINCE had beaten MACMANON far away, and the whole line of communication was in German hands, a train started from Haguenau with a thousand French soldiers, who steamed away quietly and comfortably to find themselves prisoners in the centre of a German army. During the past week the Germans have been advancing with deliberation, but on a gigantic scale of movements, and without a check. They not only have pierced the line of the Vosges without a struggle, and now face Metz and Nancy with their combined forces, but they have crossed the Rhine lower down, are besieging Strasburg, and have summoned it to surrender. Of course the fortune of war may rapidly and suddenly change, but this at least has been the result of a war undertaken simply and solely to show off to the world the immeasurable superiority of the French army.

There is a great deal of luck in war, but no one can say that the German successes have been the result of luck. There are several distinct causes to which they can be clearly traced. In the first place, they have a very great superiority in numbers, a far greater superiority than the EMPEROR ever anticipated; for he evidently miscalculated, and thought that the Southern Germans would be neutral, if not on his side, whereas no troops have distinguished themselves more at the outset of the campaign against him than the Bavarians. In the next place, the generalship of the French has been atrocious. The Austrians in the worst days of the Aulic Council were never worse handled. The French army was arrayed for an offensive war, on which, however, the EMPEROR, with his characteristic vacillation, could not bring himself to embark. When it was found that the Germans meant to take the offensive, no change was made in the disposition of the French troops, and division after division was left to be overwhelmed by numbers. Whether the fault has been entirely with the EMPEROR, or whether his

Marshals were as incapable as he was, is unknown; but in one shape or other supreme incapacity has presided over the French army, and hurled it hopeless on its fate. Then, again, it is obvious that the Prussian infantry have one kind of superiority over the French. They make a better use of their weapons. They are not braver or more determined than the French, but they are equally resolute, and they handle the needle-gun better than the French handle the Chassepot. They are cooler; they do not waste ammunition; they take deliberate aim. They mark their men, which the French have not learnt to do; and the country in which the two battles of the 6th were fought, being densely wooded, afforded great advantages to troops who are trained to use all the cover they can get, and to fire like cautious and careful marksmen. The mitrailleurs, if they were of any use, do not seem to have affected in any special way the result of the contest; and as to the long range of the Chassepot, we find that at Wörth the men of the two armies were brought so closely together in the deadly struggle that the Germans actually used the butt end of their rifles. Lastly, the French appear to have been extremely badly supplied with stores and food. Their Commissariat has utterly broken down, and they are all agreed to attribute this to the shameful jobbery which has been allowed to go on in every department of the Commissariat. The evil genius of the Second Empire seems to haunt it at every point in this crisis of its fate. Nothing has characterized it more than the reckless and demoralizing jobbery and speculation which it has allowed to go on under its shelter; and now it is itself the victim of the bad system it has fostered. The combination of all these causes is surely quite enough to account for the disasters the French have had to undergo, and the only question is whether they can suddenly put things on a better footing so as to prevent a final catastrophe.

A great victory, a victory great enough to drive the Germans back over the Rhine, to allow the French once more to occupy the line of the Saar and to relieve Strasburg, would save France from humiliation, and probably might still save the EMPEROR. But nothing but a most signal success can suffice for the latter purpose. The EMPEROR knows this as well as any one else, and he must win a great battle, and win it in a very decisive manner, or his reign is at an end. The only road to peace, if the Germans are successful, lies in his abdication; and the King of PRUSSIA openly informs the French that his quarrel is not with them, but with the EMPEROR who set them against him. The Empire can scarcely be said to exist at this moment. It is provisionally terminated, capable of being restored if the EMPEROR has an amazing stroke of good fortune, but not otherwise. All notice of the EMPEROR is omitted in the proclamations of the Government, and the Chamber rang with shouts of derisive laughter when the OLLIVIER Ministry in the last hour of its existence announced that it had got something to communicate on the part of NAPOLEON, by the grace of God and the will of the nation Emperor of the FRENCH. A purely provisional Government, composed of the devoted friends of the EMPEROR, is barely tolerated until Paris knows the result of the great battle that is supposed to be impending. The Government dare not put arms into the hands of its recruits until they are far away from Paris; and when the EMPRESS declared that she would go to the front to defend the flag of France, her subjects gave her quietly to understand that they would not trouble her to do what she could not possibly with any effect. The ORLEANS princes evidently think that their hour is come. They offer their services, not to the EMPEROR, but to France. The Duke of AUMALE says that he is an able-bodied French soldier, and holds a high rank in the army. He asks, therefore, to be allowed to serve; as also does the Duke of CHARTRES; while the Prince of

JOINVILLE asks in the most innocent and natural way to be allowed to find himself once more at home on a French man-of-war. It is obvious that the EMPEROR could not accept their services without absolute ruin to himself, and they know perfectly well that so long as he has a hope of continuing to reign he never would accept the aid they proffer. But they wish France to be reminded of their existence, and to know that they are near at hand. Whether the fall of the Empire would be immediately succeeded by an ORLEANS restoration, or whether the ORLEANS family act judiciously in bidding for it, it is impossible to say. The French appear to believe profoundly that a revolution gives an amount of military strength to a nation which nothing else can do, and that the armies of a new French Republic would, by the mere virtue of so magical a name, beat back the Germans as DUMOURIEZ and his starving Republicans beat them back years ago. Historical parallels are almost always deceptive, and the probability appears very strong that the Germans, if they could beat the best troops of France, could much more easily beat raw Republican levies. But it is scarcely worth speculating on what may happen, when a very few days must tell us what has happened, and when the issue of a great battle will reveal to us what is to be the immediate fate of France and of the Empire.

ENGLAND AND BELGIUM.

AS the Government has discharged the duty which it was imperatively required to perform, it is immaterial to inquire whether Mr. GLADSTONE's hand has been forced by his colleagues. His speech on Wednesday makes it probable that the silence and the unmeaning phrases which provoked so much criticism were merely tricks of thought and language, retained by force of habit after they had become absurdly inapplicable to an unaccustomed line of conduct. When Sir JOHN GRAY, on behalf of the Irish partisans of France, asked Mr. GLADSTONE whether the Belgian Treaty of 1831 had not ceased to be in force, his question was simply answered in the affirmative, without the necessary explanation that the provisions of 1831 had been re-enacted in 1839. It is true that all parties were equally aware of the fact, but Mr. GLADSTONE knows Irish members well enough to have understood that his answer would probably be quoted as a complete statement of the whole relations between England and Belgium. It was at that time Mr. GLADSTONE's pleasure to be misunderstood, but there is the highest authority for regarding right actions as some compensation for wrong professions. Mr. GLADSTONE indeed never said in plain terms that the Government would not defend Belgium, and in fact, at the time when he thought fit to bewilder the House of Commons, the Cabinet had already taken steps which seem not to have been deficient in vigour. Lord GRANVILLE's comparative plain-speaking may have indicated his satisfaction with the policy of the Government at a time when his chief had been unwillingly convinced that it was necessary to admit as possible a remote contingency of war. There is some obscurity in Mr. GLADSTONE's answer to Mr. DISRAELI on Monday last. "We thought," he said, "that a specific declaration of what we thought to be the obligations of the country would be much more satisfactory than any general declaration. It is by this instrument that we ourselves desire that the obligations of the country should be defined rather than by any vague expressions which might be used in reference to those obligations." If the instrument in question is the new Treaty concluded separately with the North-German Confederation and with France, the obligations of England to Belgium are not defined by its provisions, but by the Treaty of 1839. The Government has now subjected the country to an additional and special liability for a limited time; but it has in no respect diminished the force of the obligation which previously existed. The ambiguity which may have been suggested by Mr. GLADSTONE's first speech is not contained in the new Treaty, which by its first article fully reserves the obligations of 1839, and it was dispelled with almost superfluous enthusiasm two days later. Mr. GLADSTONE now declares that "we have an interest in the independence of Belgium which is wider than that which we may have had in the literal operation of the guarantee. It is found in the answer to the question whether, under the circumstances of the case, this country, endowed as it is with influence and power, would quietly stand by and witness the perpetration of the direst crime that ever stained the pages of history in the darkest ages, and thus become participants in the sin." Whether it was prudent to transfer English obligations in regard to Belgium from the region of positive treaty and national interest to the

region of sentiment and morals may be doubted. There was no occasion for Mr. GLADSTONE to say in so many words that England is specially concerned in the maintenance of Belgian independence, but certainly it was not necessary for him to deny so obvious a fact.

The Duke of RICHMOND and Mr. DISRAELI, while they provisionally approved the policy of the Government, judiciously withheld any definite opinion on the special arrangement which had been concluded. It may be doubted whether any precedent can be found for a treaty binding a neutral Government in a certain contingency to join either of two belligerents against the other. If Prussia crosses a corner of Belgian territory, France may insist on the co-operation of England; and in the converse case it will be necessary to join Prussia against France. It is true that, by the treaty, the intervention of English forces can only be demanded in Belgium, but the Power which might have been attacked by English troops in Belgium would not be bound to abstain from retaliation wherever it could find an opportunity of striking a blow. A single shot fired by an English soldier against France on Belgian soil might be resented by a maritime war, or by the invasion of England. The irritation which would be caused at Paris or at Berlin by such an act of hostility would certainly not be restrained by any territorial limitation. The more fully the contrivance is considered the stranger it will appear, although the Government ought not to be hastily condemned for proposing a measure which will probably serve its immediate purpose. Lord GRANVILLE takes credit for the determination of the Government to abstain from vague menaces; and it may be admitted that the threat involved in these treaties is sufficiently definite. The further statement that the determination of England is announced without menace scarcely corresponds with the fact. Although neither belligerent has a right to complain of an agreement to which both have voluntarily become parties, the announcement that the violation of Belgian neutrality will be followed by hostilities on the part of England is in the nature of a threat. Possibly there may be other advantages in the plan, but it is not at once obvious why the adoption of the declaration proposed by Lord RUSSELL should have been more offensive either to France or to Prussia. The policy announced would in both cases have been precisely the same, and the risk of a refusal from either party would not have been incurred. If both France and Prussia had simultaneously declined Lord GRANVILLE's proposal, it would have been easy to fall back on a simple declaration of the intentions of England; but the Government would have been seriously embarrassed if one belligerent had proved more pliable than the other. A treaty binding England in a certain event to join France would have been scarcely consistent with neutrality if there had been no similar treaty with Prussia.

The risk against which the Government has taken precautions is not merely the violation of Belgian territory, which might take place for military objects without any political purpose. The Treaty, which is to continue in force for a year after the conclusion of peace, further prohibits the belligerents from coming to an understanding with one another at the expense of Belgium. It would be only at the cost of a deliberate breach of a solemn promise, recently made, that France could claim any portion of Belgian territory, or that Prussia could assent to the demand. The arrangement which has been made is justified rather by the renewed undertaking which has been obtained from the belligerents than by Lord GRANVILLE's opinion that menace has been avoided. It is true that the French Government was bound by treaty to respect and maintain Belgian independence, both when Count BENEDETTI drew the autograph Project of Treaty, and when TALLEYRAND, many years before, made a similar proposal to Lord PALMERSTON and Count BULOW; but recent promises, public or private, are with good reason held to be exceptionally binding. It is not yet known whether Austria or Russia will become a party to the renewed guarantee. The honour of France and of Prussia will, during the period stipulated by the treaty, probably secure Belgium from encroachment. The greatest danger of an infringement of the French promise would arise from the possible substitution of a revolutionary Republic for the present form of government. The desire for the acquisition of Belgium is common to all classes of Frenchmen, and it is possible that Jacobin enthusiasm might refuse to be bound by an Imperial pledge. The Provisional Government of 1848 was strongly urged by some of its partisans to undertake an unprovoked invasion of Belgium. The conquest of a free country by an almost despotic Government would have been a less plausible enterprise than the propagation of Republican institutions

which have already numerous advocates in Belgium. It is useless to anticipate dangers which must be met, if they occur, and there seems, after the declarations of the Government, to be no cause for immediate anxiety. The stipulations of 1839, which are reserved while the new Treaty remains in force, will exclusively regulate the duties of the various Governments when it expires at the end of the prescribed term.

The risk and uneasiness which have ensued on the outbreak of the war, and on the publication of the Project of Treaty, bear testimony to the wisdom of the statesmen who in 1814 and 1815 founded the Kingdom of the Netherlands. Since the middle ages prudent statesmen had constantly regretted that the Low Countries had never succeeded in basing their independence on union. The unfortunate success of ALVA and his successors in preventing Flanders from following the example of Holland had unfortunately rendered the establishment of a free and powerful Republic impossible. Although the Spanish Netherlands, afterwards transferred to Austria, had no share in the glorious history of the United Provinces, it seemed possible, when Europe was rearranged after the fall of NAPOLEON, to repair the miscarriage of the sixteenth century. The Austrian Government had no desire to reclaim its distant possessions; and it was naturally thought that Belgium would be content with a Constitutional Government under the House of ORANGE. The political mistakes and religious jealousies which caused the secession of 1830 might perhaps have been averted by prudence, but after the expulsion of CHARLES X. the dissatisfaction of the Belgians with their Government was eagerly encouraged by the French Government, which naturally desired to weaken the barrier erected by Europe against French ambition. Lord GREY and Lord PALMERSTON, making a virtue of necessity, assisted in the consolidation of the new kingdom, and in procuring for it a guarantee of independence and neutrality. The Treaty of 1831, afterwards replaced by the Treaty of 1839, was itself the memorial of a disappointment to English statesmen. There are probably many patriotic Belgians who now regret that they are not subjects of a State with eight millions of inhabitants, which was also a considerable maritime Power. Neither Belgium nor Holland has, it is true, been impoverished by a separation which, as long as peace is certain, produces no injurious consequences. It is when ambitious French Governments are casting about for the means of conjuring away internal disaffection that the disruption of the Kingdom of the Netherlands weakens both Belgium and Holland. The King of the NETHERLANDS refused to become a party to the Treaty of 1831, and it was only after long negotiations that his Government gave the consent which is recorded in the Treaty of 1839. As a party to the treaty the Dutch Government shares with the other Powers the obligation to defend the independence of Belgium; but the aid of an ally is less efficient than the common interest of the subjects of a single Government.

GERMANY AND EUROPE.

THE success with which Germany has opened the campaign has naturally given rise to speculations and suggestions of every possible kind as to the consequences, remote or immediate, of Germany establishing an incontestable superiority over France. The French *Journal Officiel* had even gone so far as to publish a manifesto, addressed to all the nations of Europe, showing how very dangerous to each might be the triumph of so unscrupulous and rapacious a Power as Germany. While there is yet time to give effectual aid, the *Journal Officiel* entreats the countries now neutral to stand by France, the champion of European independence. What is asked is, in plain language, that Western Europe should form a coalition, not against France, but in her favour. Perhaps no effect of the reverses the French army has sustained is more curious than this. Here is the organ of the French Government, within a month of a war undertaken in lightness of heart to teach the Prussians manners and to show the world the prowess of the French army, crying out in hopeless panic to the world that these Prussians are too great and strong for any one Power to contend against, and that all who want to be safe from them must unite to put them down. The Germans inspire the officials of the Third NAPOLEON with something of the same terror with which the vast ambition and colossal strength of the First NAPOLEON inspired the Courts and peoples in his neighbourhood. A vision is conjured up of a German Empire making the Baltic a German lake. The expression which the French have on their own behalf delighted so much to

apply to the Mediterranean is to be applied by the Germans, in their horrible presumption, to the sea that washes their northern shores. But this would never content the Emperor of Germany, for the French mind perceives that this would be the new title of the King of PRUSSIA; and while it is the most harmless and natural thing in the world that France should have an Emperor, it reveals an almost superhuman insolence in the Germans that they also should have an Emperor to rule over them. The whole tone of the *Journal Officiel* in this respect is perfectly artless and sincere, and is thoroughly French. That France should domineer over her neighbours is quite in keeping with the proper order of things, and can give offence to no one. But that Germany should talk as France has been in the habit of talking, and should act as France has boasted of wishing and intending to act, is truly awful. There is no end to the dreadful fancies that such a thought suggests. The Emperor of Germany will want Holland, he will want Venice, he will want Trieste. He will bargain with Russia, and in return for ample compensation will plant the CZAR at Constantinople. He will in fact play the part which NAPOLEON played with so much relish at Tilsit. To prevent such a catastrophe France asks for aid from those who would most suffer at the hands of a too triumphant Germany; and it may perhaps be worth while for the neutral nations to ask themselves how far these fears are imaginary, and whether, if the Germans succeed in inflicting further defeats on France, the interests of European peace would be seriously endangered.

It is impossible for us in England to regard Europe from the same point of view in which the French regard it. To us the strength and power of Germany have a value which the French, against whom we wish they should be in some measure directed, cannot be expected to appreciate. It is for the great good of Europe, and, as we believe, to the real advantage of France itself, that there should be a neighbour of France strong enough and resolute enough to ease France of something of its restless ambition, its tall talk, and its tendency to relieve the weariness of its home politics by interfering with every one outside its borders. A nation that is a prey to revolutions, to adventurers, and to military despotism, and that avowedly looks on war as a last stake which its gamblers throw when they are hard pressed, is a constant source of peril to Europe. It is not wholesome for Europe that there should be in it a country the Prime Minister of which rushes into a totally unjustifiable war with lightness of heart. When we have said thus much we have said all that we have to say against France. That France should be really humiliated, crippled, and powerless, would be a state of things in every way deplorable and very unwelcome to England. The French have forced on the war, and they must take the chances of the war they have provoked; but France bleeding and prostrate is a spectacle which Englishmen will regard with the most unfeigned reluctance. All that is wanted is that France should learn the lesson it so much needed, that it must leave Germany alone. But will the Germans be content to be left alone, or will they use their victories, if they continue to win them, in a spirit of arrogance and insolence, and so as to menace Europe? The French say that they will, and they have, it appears, not only said this in a general way, but they have pressed some neutral States, and more particularly Austria, Italy, and Denmark, with the argument that to join France promptly and openly is their last chance of independence. Would a wise Austrian or Italian admit the force of this argument, or not? Is the success of Germany a danger to Europe? Of all the political questions of the day, this is perhaps the one it is most desirable to answer aright. No prudent person would give other than a guarded answer. Success quickly corrupts the heart of man, and no one can speak positively as to the effect on Germany of finding itself quickly and indisputably victorious. But, so far as it is possible to form an opinion now, it may be said that the *Journal Officiel* is wrong, and that its error consists in speaking of Germans as if they were Frenchmen. Everything tends to show that all the Germans want is Germany for the Germans. They do not want to dictate to their neighbours, or to take the territory of their neighbours, or to incorporate aliens such as Belgians and Dutchmen in Germany. They only ask that Germany may be left altogether alone, to manage its own concerns, and to bind together its several parts in that degree and kind of unity which may best suit them.

No one can speak confidently as to the effects of military success on a people; but there is at any rate a very strong presumption against the notion that Germany will become an aggressive Power. That Count BISMARCK has often talked as if

he would readily consent to see small States like Belgium sacrificed in order to carry out the projects of great Powers like France and Prussia is doubtless true. But it must be remembered that none of the projects of Count BISMARCK with regard to foreign nations have ever attained anything like definiteness, nor have they ever received the sanction of the KING. The difference between France and Germany in this respect is very striking. It is the head of France who for years has been striving to tear up old treaties, and to propagate new ideas, very often to the great advantage of the world. It is not in his hour of misfortune that we ought to forget that Italy owes its very existence to the Emperor of the FRENCH. But still he has been plotting against the established order of things for twenty years, and his people have looked very kindly on his plotting. The *Journal Officiel* makes the fundamental mistake, in our opinion, of looking on Germans as if they were Frenchmen. The reply to its arguments is to be found in the experience of any one accustomed to mix with the natives of the two countries. Even the most temperate and modest Frenchmen are imbued with the ideas of territorial aggrandizement and foreign conquest. They are actuated unconsciously by memories of the old NAPOLEON days, and speak as if they had been robbed of all the territory which NAPOLEON won and failed to keep. Such a spirit is unknown in Germany. The Germans want all Germany to be united, but they want nothing more. A war of spoliation would be totally abhorrent to German feeling. The moral sentiment of the Germans is against wronging and bullying and preying on adjacent nations. The war with Denmark may be thought a proof to the contrary; but the Germans at least believed they were thoroughly in the right, that the Duchies were German, and had been ill-treated by a foreigner, and that they were only reclaiming their own when they took away the Duchies from Denmark. But, in any case, isolated acts may mislead us. What we rest upon is the character of the German people, which is orderly and honest and sober, and averse to military despotism and the fatigues and dangers of unnecessary war. The German army is admirably organized, and, as has just been shown, can strike swift and strong blows outside German territory. But it is essentially a defensive army, and those who compose it will not readily undertake war unless to protect themselves. It was with the utmost reluctance that the Germans went into the present war, and their only object at present seems to be to show that they are not to be invaded with impunity. The Germans may of course become intoxicated with success, but there is no symptom whatever at present that this will be the case, and they deserve fully that their past history and their national character should at least do this much for them, that neutral nations should look on their successes without jealousy or alarm.

LORD GRANVILLE AND THE CHINESE CONVENTION.

LORD GRANVILLE has judiciously abandoned Lord CLARENDON's intention of ratifying Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK's Chinese Convention. As the relations of England with China are almost exclusively commercial, the Government would have incurred a serious responsibility in disregarding the unanimous objections to the treaty of all the manufacturing and mercantile traders with China. To the arguments which had been urged against the ratification Sir R. ALCOCK replied in a Memorandum which was forwarded by Lord CLARENDON to the different bodies which had remonstrated. As it was intimated at the same time that the Foreign Office declined any further controversy, the Committee of China Merchants of London, the East India and China Association, and several Chambers of Commerce contented themselves in their answer with the statement that their previous opinions are in no degree modified by the arguments of the Memorandum. The Chamber of Commerce of Macclesfield adds a criticism of Sir R. ALCOCK's allegation that the trading privileges of British merchants in China were extorted as the price of peace. The Macclesfield manufacturers profess their inability to understand why the English Ambassador should trouble himself about the prosperity of Chinese finances. It is not surprising that a diplomatist who knows the inconveniences which arise from financial disorders in China should regard the subject from a point of view which is not likely to be adopted at Macclesfield. There is no doubt that the stipulations of Tientsin were imposed on the Chinese Government as the price of peace; but there seems to be no moral or political reason for sacrificing the results of the war. The additional

duties to which Sir R. ALCOCK assented involved an uncompensated loss to English merchants; while, in compounding for inland duties by an increase of the charge at the ports, he obtained, in the opinion of the commercial bodies, an illusory advantage at the cost of an immediate and certain sacrifice. Lord GRANVILLE and his advisers in the Foreign Office have not been convinced by the reasoning of the Associations and Chambers of Commerce, but they defer to the authority of those who are most nearly concerned in the success of the Chinese trade. The Government will forthwith announce to the Chinese Government and to the Treaty Powers that the Convention will not be ratified by the QUEEN. It is not known whether it will be possible by further negotiations to obtain more favourable terms; but in default of a new arrangement there can be no injustice in maintaining the provisions of the existing treaty. The internal transit duties which were, according to the project of Convention, to be commuted into an increased Customs duty are even now inconsistent with the spirit of the treaty. It is highly probable that, if the Imperial Government had secured the proposed increase of its own revenue, it would still, as now, have connived at the extortions of provincial Governors. Lord CLARENDON indeed contended, in his reply to the Memorial of the Committee of China Merchants, that the limitations placed by the treaty on the taxation of imports had no bearing on charges afterwards imposed in the interior of the country on the same commodities. It would, he argued, be competent for the French Government, notwithstanding the provisions of the Treaty of 1860, to subject English cotton or hardware to an excise for purposes of revenue. It may be answered that such a duty would involve a breach of faith, unless all articles of the same kind produced in France were simultaneously and equally taxed; and in China the classes of commodities which are imported from Europe are not produced at home. The object of the French Treaty was to render competition possible, while the Chinese Treaty prohibited exclusive and excessive taxation. Lord ELGIN could not have intended to provide merely for the admission of English goods into the maritime towns. The consumption on which the trade depends is to be found in the interior of the country, and it is evident that it might be hampered by transit duties.

The refusal of the English Government to ratify the treaty finally dispels the partial illusion which had been caused by Mr. BURLINGAME's ecclesiastical embassy. The American diplomatist probably understood his mission in good faith, while his ingenuous employers trusted that he would mislead the Western barbarians without compromising the stationary policy of the Imperial Government. His countrymen in the United States were flattered by the confidence reposed in an American citizen, and they vaguely hoped that in some indefinite manner he would procure them some unknown advantage at the expense of England. His successor as American Minister at Pekin was recalled because, in accordance with the unanimous opinion of the American merchants in China, he assured his Government that the BURLINGAME mission was a deception, and that the Government of Pekin had not the smallest intention of relaxing any of its restrictions. In the United States it seems incredible that at Shanghai, or in any other part of the world, English and American merchants could, under the influence of a common interest, concur in the same Chinese policy. When Mr. BURLINGAME proceeded to Europe he found that, in return for his assurances of the liberal sentiments of the Chinese Government, he could obtain nothing more than equally valuable professions of reciprocal good-will. In a document written at Berlin shortly before his death he quoted Sir R. ALCOCK's treaty as a convincing proof of the liberality of the Chinese Government. If he had lived to learn that the entire English trading community protested against the treaty, he must have resorted to the paradoxical theory that Chinese benevolence was not adequately appreciated in Europe. The recent murder of French missionaries and residents would perhaps have induced the Ambassador himself to doubt whether foreign Governments were not justified in protecting their subjects by force from the barbarism of Chinese mobs or from the intolerance of the upper classes. As soon as France is at leisure to attend to the matter, exemplary vengeance will no doubt be exacted for the murders; and, whatever may be the opinion of philanthropic politicians in Europe, every foreign resident in China will approve of the punishment of those who may have been guilty. The stringent instructions issued some time since by Lord CLARENDON to English Consular agents and naval officers were justified by some irregular acts of severity which had furnished the Chinese Government with

plausible grounds of complaint. It is right that the home authorities should on all occasions incline to the side of international comity and of non-intervention, but when statesmen profess to found their conduct on a fictitious assumption, they ought to be careful not to deceive themselves. If China were on the European level of civilization, it would be proper to trust to the Central Government for the redress of grievances inflicted by provincial authorities or by irresponsible rioters; but in fact the assailants of an English trading-post or of a French missionary building have a wholesome dread of the gunboat on the coast, while they care little or nothing for the Ministers at Pekin. The American merchants have always approved of the conduct of English officers who have inflicted sudden and exemplary punishment on delinquent districts. Sir R. ALCOCK has taken a middle course, in the knowledge that it was sometimes necessary to act upon the spur of the moment and on the spot, and yet with the laudable desire of a high functionary to obey his instructions, and to reserve to himself as English representative the control of all serious controversies. In framing the commercial Convention he was perhaps influenced by his desire to strengthen the claims of his Government on the good-will of the Chinese Ministers; nor is he to be blamed for assuming a position between the parties to the Convention which may to his resident countrymen have seemed too impartial. Lord GRANVILLE has mitigated the disappointment which the Ambassador will necessarily feel by the formal assurance that his conduct is approved by the Government. It is perhaps a mistake to use phrases which might imply a doubt whether the Government is confident of the soundness of its own decision. The China Merchants, the India and China Association, and the Chambers of Commerce have expressed strong opinions, but for the final judgment the SECRETARY OF STATE is responsible.

The task of protecting commercial enterprise in half-civilized countries is necessarily troublesome, but notwithstanding the genuine love of peace and justice which belongs to the English Government and nation in the present day, it will not be found possible to abandon the duty of protecting English commercial adventure. The merchants who annoy the Foreign Office by frequent collisions with Chinese authorities are voluntary emissaries and pioneers of a great trade which seems capable of indefinite expansion. The Government of Pekin, the local Mandarins, and the aristocracy of prize-men in competitive examinations, are not unnaturally jealous of foreigners and of their trade, but the mass of the people, with all their tenacity of ancient customs, are never restrained by prejudice from the pursuit of profit. The largest and most industrious community in the world happily produces goods for which there is an unlimited demand in Europe, and is willing to buy the very commodities of which England can dispose. Of the great and growing trade English merchants have by far the largest share; and they watch, with a vigilance which cannot be emulated by Foreign Secretaries or Ambassadors, every act or legislative measure which tends to promote or impede commercial intercourse. It is unfortunately a fact that in Europe, in the United States, and in the English colonies, the principles of Free-trade make but a slow and intermittent progress. The extortions which are practised in China may be resisted with the greater hope of success because they are designed only to increase the revenue of the Government or the perquisites of officials, and not to protect any monopoly of native industry. If Chinese purchasers were disposed, in imitation of English Protectionists, to claim reciprocity, they would find that they already enjoy it. Their silk pays no import duty, and the tea duty has been brought by successive reductions to a point at which consumption is but slightly checked. In England there are no irregular exactions on goods as they pass from one district to another, while it is probable that in China the rejection of the project of treaty will be followed by increased extortions. The merchants are well aware that they will have a constant struggle against Chinese encroachments; but they may probably have been well advised in preferring the risk of extortion to a certain and legal charge on their trade. Lord GRANVILLE'S acquiescence in their wishes will be to them a surprise as well as a gratification.

THE STATE OF PARIS.

THE worship of success and the dislike of failure which is so characteristic of a large section of English society has found congenial expression in the remarks of the *Times* on the threatenings of revolution in Paris.¹ Considering its con-

sistent Bonapartism throughout the more brilliant years of the EMPEROR'S reign, it might have made the transition from praise to contempt a little more gradual. Two Prussian victories in one day have had a miraculous efficacy in opening the eyes of the *Times*. It sees the vices of the Second Empire with edifying clearness, and lectures the EMPEROR on his share in them with all the unction with which a rat suddenly endowed with the gift of speech might address the owner of the house he was just preparing to leave. If the EMPEROR should win after all, the retreat of the *Times* from the position it has now taken up ought to be attended with some difficulty. Probably, however, that convenient forgetfulness which characterizes the great organ of British Philistinism in common with the class of opinions it represents will enable it to sing the praises of NAPOLEON III. as loudly as though the trick had never been laid aside. Frenchmen who read the *Times* will not form a very exalted opinion of English consistency or English generosity.

The *Saturday Review* is not left to choose between the alternatives of eating its own words and giving its support to a tottering cause. It has been an adversary of the Empire when the whole vocabulary of praise was daily exhausted in its favour, and there is no indecency in confessing that it views the threatened collapse of Personal government with no feeling of dissatisfaction. It is impossible indeed not to pity the EMPEROR in the anxieties and reverses which have come upon him, but they are the natural though tardy fruits of his own policy, and no Englishman who wishes to see that policy discredited need affect to regret the process by which this result is being effected. On the other hand, it is hard to conceive a more harassing conflict of emotions than that of which a really patriotic Frenchman must now be the victim. He cannot desire the defeat of his country's troops, or the triumph—even for ever so short an interval—of his country's enemies. And yet he cannot but feel that the victory of NAPOLEON III. would mean the establishment, certainly for his own life, perhaps even for the life of his son, of Absolute government in France. The news that Marshal BAZAINE had thrown back the tide of Prussian invasion would shed a reflected distinction on the sovereign who had singled him out for command at this great military crisis; and, unless the conqueror should develop an unexpected political ambition, it would be as much to his interest as to NAPOLEON'S to consecrate his popularity to the support of the Imperial system. The experience the nation has had of disaster would lead men to put up with a very much smaller measure of victory than would have contented them a fortnight ago. When the EMPEROR declared war it was probably in the hope of finding a material guarantee for the permanence of his dynasty in the acquisition of the left bank of the Rhine. Since the frontier has been crossed by Prussian troops, he would perhaps find sufficient glory in driving them out of France without insisting on the payment of a return visit. In what fashion the rehabilitated Empire would be administered may be guessed from the composition of the new Cabinet. Misfortune has made the EMPEROR candid, and he no longer pretends to govern by means of Liberal agents. Among the incoming Ministers are included at least two men who are more Imperialist than M. ROUCHER himself. Baron Jérôme DAVID could never bring himself to countenance the affectation of Liberal principles which has of late been in vogue at the Tuilleries. He has always proclaimed the notion of a Liberal Empire to be an incongruity, and his consent to take office at this moment must be regarded as an expression of confidence that it is an incongruity which will be abandoned for the future. M. CLÉMENT DUVERNOIS has not long retired from the post of Private Journalist to the EMPEROR, and in that capacity his principal theme was the necessity of doing something sufficiently striking to divert people from thinking about liberty. Whether the Count of PALIKAO has any special political aptitudes, Imperialist or otherwise, is not known, but it is surmised with some show of reason that he has been appointed chiefly for his readiness to fire upon the Parisians. If the new Ministry should be hereafter known as the Cabinet that saved France, it is not difficult to predict to what uses they will turn their reputation. Nor will the EMPEROR be without a plausible excuse for recalling his old friends in the failure of M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER. The late Minister has done much disservice to the Liberal party, but he has never damaged it so much as by the fact that he originally belonged to it. It will be the EMPEROR'S policy to identify the cause of freedom with the pretentious weakness of the discarded Cabinet. War, he will say, has taught France to distinguish between those who can really govern

her, and those who only talk about it; and she will not again make the mistake of asking for a Cabinet which falls by its own incapacity at the first approach of difficulty.

It must be acknowledged that the Deputies of the Left have shown a singular incapacity to appreciate the situation in which the country has suddenly been placed. Many of them are men of far more Parliamentary experience than their colleagues of the Right, and if they had shown some capacity of self-control they might have gained a hold upon the Chamber which they might shortly have turned to good account. Instead of this, they have aimed with curious unanimity at playing into the hands of the Imperialists. The proceedings in the Corps Législatif on Tuesday exhibit them in the least attractive of characters—that of an Opposition trying to make capital out of the disasters of their country. The object of M. JULES FAVRE's proposal that muskets should be immediately distributed to all able-bodied citizens was too transparent to be worthy of discussion. The indiscriminate arming of an untrained population would be an invitation to the enemy to recruit their stock of rifles by the simple expedient of disarming the inhabitants along the line of march, but it would no doubt be a very valuable addition to the prospects of a street outbreak. It would be hard to find two better examples of political irony than the employment of troops to keep down revolution, when every man of them is needed to repel the invasion which has made revolution imminent, and the demand to give the citizens arms wherewith to precipitate revolution on the plea of wanting to repel invasion. It must be said, however, by way of excuse for M. JULES FAVRE, that though the real object of his proposal could scarcely have been identical with its professed object, he no doubt felt that, in the event of the EMPEROR being victorious in the impending battle, the one chance of overthrowing the Empire lies in arming his foes in the interval. But it seems hardly possible that the report of the debate on Tuesday should not transfer the disgust of a large number of Frenchmen from the Empire which has brought this misfortune upon France, to the Deputies who saw in that misfortune merely an opportunity to be turned to their own disaffected purposes.

As things stand at present, everything seems to hang upon the news which any moment may bring from the front. Whatever elements of revolution may exist in Paris, the crowds which throng its streets appear to be rather inflammable than actually inflamed. There is great and natural dissatisfaction with the conduct of military affairs, and dissatisfaction of a kind which may very easily be fanned into political importance. If the EMPEROR were meditating delays, this sentiment might soon develop into an uncontrollable impatience, and in that case the strong measures necessary to reduce Paris to order could not be resorted to without very great risk of making bad worse. But the certainty that a battle must come in the course of a day or two naturally throws people into an attitude of expectation; and so long as this is maintained they have neither time nor attention to spare for revolutionary enterprises. If the deposition of the EMPEROR were proclaimed on the Boulevards this afternoon, the popular interest might at once be called away by fresh news of what the Sovereign, whose dethronement had just been voted by acclamation, was doing in his camp before Metz; while the very recollection that the vote had been taken would pass from their minds if the news should be that he had won a battle. What will follow upon a third defeat is a more difficult question. That the present Ministry can endure under such circumstances seems almost impossible. That the Republican Deputies, judging from their late exhibition of themselves, can form a working executive is very improbable. That the Parliamentary Liberals should emerge from their late eclipse and organize a Government strong enough to confront the military necessities of the moment, and to compel respect alike from reactionary and revolutionary partisans, is a consummation to be desired rather than hoped for. That the army should take matters into its own hands and insist on some commander whom it genuinely trusts being put at the head both of military and civil affairs, is perhaps a more likely conclusion than any. In that case the fate of France for years, and perhaps generations, to come will be decided by what manner of man the commander in question happens to be.

THE HOME OFFICE.

PERHAPS it is because it is the Home Office that we always seem to get a domestic, not to say feminine, management of that great department of State. It is, of course, a home-keeping institution, concerned chiefly in our personal, private,

and family concerns, interested with the simple and commonplace concerns of keeping house and home tidy, seeing that there are no serious rows in the kitchen, and that order and regularity and decency are maintained in the household. These are not very exalted, at least not the highest, functions of a State or Minister; but they are those on which life depends. It is in the State as in the ordinary life of man. Now and then great and exceptional events occur in the life of all of us; but a crisis is rare. We go on from year's end to year's end, with the nation as with a family, in a simple, humdrum, jogtrot way. The greater the need of keeping a watchful eye to these common things and household cares. We expect this of our wives or housekeepers, and so of the Home Office. They have to regulate the staple and substance of life. Now we all know what family life is with an active and vigilant housewife, what with a dawdle. Somehow it seems to be always the case that dawdling is of the essence of the Home Office. The Home Secretaries are always good, quiet people, very amiable, very gentle, and very sleepy; sensitive, but not active; amiable, but far from energetic. Perhaps it is the air of the Home Office, perhaps it is the name, which seems to compel this quiet, otiose demeanour on the part of its occupants. A BRUCE succeeds a WALPOLE; both good, both well-intentioned, but both unsuccessful administrators. The last Session has brought out this characteristic of the Home Office in a remarkable degree. Other official persons have something to show, Ireland has at last got, not for the first time, a thoroughly healing measure. We have settled, or we flatter ourselves that we have settled, the Education question. The finances are flourishing. Mr. CARDWELL tells us that it is all right with the defences of the country. Almost every Minister has won some amount of laurels. On almost the last day of the Session Mr. BRUCE tells us what he has not done. His catalogue of failures and good intentions is not a short one; but one is almost attracted by the amiable and engaging way in which he dwells upon them. He has scarcely, however, been just to his own principles in doing nothing, for he has not quite recited the full tale of his fortunes. But his simplicity in calling attention to them is at least amiable. He says that though the QUEEN's Speech promised a Licensing Bill and a Trade-Unions Bill, it is quite true that he has not proposed those measures, but that he means to do so next Session; also a Mines Regulation Bill. But much more, Mr. BRUCE observes, and with entire truth, ought to be done by his department. He undertakes to bring in a Bill for the better government of London. He intends to do all that is necessary about our rivers and the water supply of the country—also about the sewerage of all towns—also about the entire sanitary arrangements of the whole population. Likewise he promises to pay every attention to the Enclosure of Commons, County Finance Boards and Local Taxation, the Turnpike Acts, the Superannuation (and, we would fain hope, the increase) of the Police Force, and the Game Laws. When it was hinted by Mr. BERESFORD HOPE that he also hoped the Medical Acts would not escape his attention, Mr. BRUCE observed, as the butler would have observed if his attention was called to cobwebs, that the Medical Acts were not within his department; neither we suppose is Protection of Life on Railways, nor matters concerned with Adulteration of Food and Fraudulent Weights and Measures. Alarmed, perhaps, at the volume and multiplicity of his promises, and astonished at the good behaviour for the future which he was undertaking, Mr. BRUCE got frightened at his own prospective alacrity in doing well, and, before he finished his confessions and his plans, retired from himself. He could only undertake to make a selection from these good things to come, but amongst them the municipal government of the metropolis would first engage his attention.

Next Session then is to be known as the *Parliamentum Domesticum*. We are glad to hear it. As we have said, these things which Mr. BRUCE is going to do are our life. Foreign wars and diplomacy—a land measure for Ireland—tinkering at Schools and Universities and Tests have their importance. But they do not affect us all. They do not come home to us; they are not about our board and bed and daily path. Life consists in health, in food and water, in warding off disease, in arresting contagion, in providing for the safety of life and limb, in seeing that a watch is kept over our goods and chattels, that we have pure air to breathe, safe houses, space to walk upon, that there are no roughs and rowdies lording it over the peaceable, that artisans in the interests of trade do not blow up their masters and murder their fellow-craftsmen, that our food is not poisoned, that our medicines are not vitiated, and that common honesty is enforced in retail transactions. This is home life, and to

look after this is a Home Secretary's duty. What chances are there that next year we shall see these duties more actively fulfilled than during the past Session? From the known we may, at least conjecturally and with some approximation, calculate a forecast of the unknown. Mr. Secretary BRUCE has hardly been just to his own masterly inactivity. He has specified his failings with the Licensing Bill, with a Trade- Unions Bill, and with a Mines Regulation Bill. But he has not done himself full justice. He forgets, or would have us to forget, his abortive attempt to regulate London cabs. The official who was so signally, not to say disgracefully, routed by cabby is not very likely to stand up against the City Corporation, and to coerce or conciliate all the interests which must be dealt with in framing a new municipality for London. He forgets, too, that Government under his auspices having substantially carried, and with general approval, the Lectionary Bill, abandoned it on the very eve of success, terrified by an opposition of mere bogies. Profuse in promises, Mr. BRUCE seems unable to take warning by the break-down on the Bill for increasing the efficiency of the appellate jurisdiction of the Privy Council. If he is, as he thinks he is, strong enough to remodel the Police, he must look for stronger grounds for public confidence than the internal management of the Home Office in ordinary matters has shown. It is true that, thanks partly to the stress of public opinion and partly to the considerate care of recent murderers in being exceptionally wicked, hardened, and loathsome, we have not had to complain of undue laxity in the case of the Chelsea and Denham murderers; but Mr. BRUCE's treatment of the BOULTON and PARK case is not reassuring. Either a great mistake was committed in preferring the criminal charge or in abandoning it. There has been displayed by the Home Office lawyers either undue haste or undue procrastination in this matter. The offenders ought either to have been bailed out earlier or not at all. If the prosecution breaks down the Government will have much to answer for, and will have to meet the imputation of some sort of undue leniency to some who are rightly or wrongly suspected, but whom it is found out at last that it would be impolitic to implicate. The prospect of the Home Office, judging from the retrospect, is scarcely reassuring. It is an ungracious but needful task, when the idle boy home for the holidays recites all his school failures, and promises to be so good and diligent next half, to tell him how idle and lazy he has been.

The Government has achieved two great successes this Session; and has also achieved nearly two dozen failures. Our immediate comments are not on Lord HATHERLEY's failure with Law Reform—not with the miscarriage of the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles' Act—not with the break-down of the University Tests Bill—not with the absence of any attempt, less sterile than Mr. GOSCHEN's essays, to deal with the administration of the Poor Laws—but we are now only dealing with the Home Office. We hardly know which department was responsible for the attempted waste of the land reclaimed from the Thames by the new Quays; but the defeat of the Government on Mr. SMITH's motion may be reasonably assigned to Mr. GLADSTONE's obstinacy, combined with the absence of confidence under which, as regards all public works, a Ministry which includes Mr. AYTON not unreasonably suffers. But the general temper of the Government as regards domestic and internal reforms is sufficiently evident from the apology offered by Mr. BRUCE for Mr. BRIGHT's celebrated declaration in favour of dishonest tradesmen and false weights. The Home Office is a drowsy, sleepy refuge for placid good intentions and vague hazy promises; but its administration is a national misfortune.

LOCAL TAXATION.

THE Report of the Select Committee on Local Taxation, if it is adopted by Parliament, will effect a great change in parochial and municipal administration. It is proposed that all rates shall be equally distributed between the owner and the occupier; that in consideration of their new liability the owners shall separately elect a certain number of the members of every Local Board or Vestry, and that, on the other hand, Justices of the Peace shall be deprived of their present share in the administration of rates. The reasons for the proposed change are forcibly urged by Mr. GOSCHEN in a pamphlet which was proposed to the Committee for adoption as a Draft Report. Perhaps the most valuable part of Mr. GOSCHEN's essay is a detailed and lucid account of the various classes of rates which are now levied, and of the bodies by which they are respectively administered. The Resolutions

of the Committee in substance embody Mr. GOSCHEN's conclusions, and, except for the purpose of increasing the weight of his authority, the form of appointing the Committee and of hearing opinions in the form of evidence might have been omitted without any practical difference in the result. In nominating a Committee of twenty-one members Mr. GOSCHEN, according to custom, provided his own party with a majority of one, and when the decisive vote was taken between Mr. GOSCHEN's Resolutions and a draft proposed in an opposite sense by Sir MASSEY LOPES, the proportion of members on either side was the same, although only seventeen were present. As might have been expected, all the Conservative members voted for the retention of the present system, and all the Ministerial members for Mr. GOSCHEN's projected change; and although Mr. WALTER and Mr. ACLAND, who voted in the majority, personally belong to the class of landed proprietors, no further proof is required that the adoption of the Report will benefit the occupiers at the expense of the owners. A nominal or even a real share in the administration of local funds will be dearly purchased by liability to pay one-half of the amount. The representatives of the owners in Boards of Guardians will probably be the same persons who now hold the *ex officio* qualification of magistrates. In every local body the land-owners will be in a minority, and they will be ousted from the management of the county rates, which have probably been more frugally and efficiently administered than any other local taxes. Mr. GOSCHEN's ingenious arguments display great facility in dealing with abstruse problems in political economy, but the instinct of the members of the minority of the Committee indicated still more accurately the interests and wishes of landowners, who naturally object to an increase of their burdens attended by a diminution of their powers.

The Committee in their Resolutions, and Mr. GOSCHEN in his Draft Report, admit the difficulty of determining the exact incidence of the rates which are now levied from occupiers. Sir MASSEY LOPES approximated to the truth in the proposition that the interests of the occupier are principally affected by fluctuations in the amount of the rates, while the average rate is borne by the owner, so that any considerable increase or diminution is taken into account at the next readjustment of the rent. The statement probably requires a correction analogous to the allowance for friction in mechanical calculations. All taxation has a tendency to stick to the first contributor, even when he is theoretically enabled to recoup himself by handing over the burden to an ulterior paymaster. Customs and Excise duties are, as a general rule, paid by the consumer; but in many cases, and especially when the percentage on the value of the goods is small, a portion of the burden remains with the merchant or manufacturer. Mr. GOSCHEN might have suspected the perfect accuracy of his economical deductions when he had occasion in the course of his argument to state, with undoubted truth, that a large part of the land of the kingdom pays less than the rack-rent which might be obtained in the open market. A theorist would certainly assume that, as a general rule, the rent of land might, with the aid of the necessary materials, be estimated with perfect accuracy; yet in the majority of instances custom or feeling leaves a margin in favour of the tenant, partly perhaps on the understanding that the rates are more likely to rise than to fall. It is almost impossible to anticipate the exact operation of a division of the burden between the owner and the occupier. The Committee propose to interfere with freedom of contract by prohibiting, as in the case of the Income-tax, any agreement by which the occupier might undertake to pay the owner's share. It will therefore be necessary for the owner, if he is not to be subjected to an arbitrary sacrifice, to add to the rent an amount exactly equal to half the average rate. When the demand for farms exceeds the supply he will be able to protect himself against loss, but in some parts of the country occupiers will successfully resist any increase of rent. Large proprietors can almost always secure tenants, and they can afford from time to time to occupy a farm if they fail to obtain the rent which they consider adequate. Tenants take advantage of the necessities of smaller owners, who are not equally able to drive a bargain. Mr. GOSCHEN's scheme will add to the number of causes which are constantly promoting the accumulation of overgrown estates.

The application of the proposed system to property held under long leases would be obviously unjust, and Mr. GOSCHEN and his majority propose to modify the contract between owner and occupier, or lessee, only to a limited extent. The owners of leases are to be exempted from the division of rates for three years, and after that time the occupier is to deduct half of the rate, while the landlord is to

add to his rent a sum equal to the average rate of the provisional period of three years. The disturbance of the contract even to the extent proposed is arbitrary and unjust. A lessee must be supposed to have taken into consideration not only the existing rate at the time of his entering into possession, but the probable fluctuations for the term of his lease. Mr. GOSCHEN accordingly abstains from any attempt to prove that a large or small readjustment of taxation would be equitable, confining himself to the assertion that the exclusion of the reversioners of leaseholds from a share in the administration of the rates would lead to inconvenience and confusion. It may be safely assumed that ninety-nine lessors out of a hundred would prefer the substance of money to the shadow of a vote; and it is absurd to dwell on the hardship of excluding from a particular franchise a class of persons who deprecate a burdensome privilege. Owners have never yet insisted on a share in the control of those taxes which are at present administered by ratepayers. They are justly confident that the local bodies will err, if at all, on the side of frugality. Where rates are levied under private or general Acts for permanent improvements, the necessary capital is always raised by loans charged on the rates, and repayable by instalments extending over a long period of time. The burden consequently falls on tenants only during their term of occupation, and in the cases where the owner derives benefit from the outlay he is eventually forced to contribute; but there are some cases in which a portion of the charge might be equitably imposed by direct taxation on the owner, and it is easy to distinguish between taxation for public works and permanent liabilities for the maintenance of the poor, for highways, or for gaols. There can be little doubt that Parliament will reject or still further modify the proposals of the Committee as far as they affect owners of long leaseholds. Mr. GOSCHEN, in his Draft Report, explains that there are generally three parties interested in house property—the ground landlord, the builder, and the occupier; and it may be added that the relative shares of the landlord and the original lessee vary with the terms of every building contract. It would be a strong measure to make the Marquis of WESTMINSTER or the Duke of BEDFORD directly liable for any part of the rates levied on their estates; and an arbitrary tax on the middlemen who intervene between the landlord and the tenant would not be easily carried through the House of Commons. It is not equally certain that owners of land will be able to resist the commencement of adverse legislation. If the proposed division of rates is established by law, disputes on the incidence will henceforth be confined to economical theorists. Farmers are in the habit of believing or asserting that they are the ultimate as well as the immediate ratepayers, while their landlords, in more approximate coincidence with the scientific doctrine, attribute the same burden to themselves. When the rate is divided, although the moiety charged on the occupier will have exactly the same incidence with the present rate, it will be impossible to persuade the most candid of tenant-farmers that his own half of the rate in any way affects his landlord.

The dissentients from the principle of the Report appear to have been strong enough to procure the insertion of a clause which leaves the whole question in some degree open. The Committee suggest that it is proper to inquire into the relations of local and general taxation, and the nature of the property liable to the same. They also state that their inquiry has related only to one branch of local taxation, and considerations which they have been precluded from entertaining should be taken into account before those recommendations are carried into effect. There is no doubt that the principle of levying local taxes on a fourth or a fifth part of the property of the country is or was unjust; but it ought never to be forgotten that any unequal incidence of taxation corrects itself with time. Readjustment always operates harshly in particular cases, besides providing relief to those who have already in other forms obtained compensation. The landowners who complain that they are more than proportionally taxed commit the same error with the agitators who propose to lay all the taxes on land because several centuries ago its owners bore the whole burden of military service. With utterly insignificant exceptions, the land came into the hands of the present owners or their ancestors long after the abolition of military tenures, and also after personality had been practically exempted from the payment of rates. The burdens and privileges affecting the soil have been repeatedly made the subject of bargain and sale, and unnecessary attempts to shift the weight of taxation will inflict serious hardship. It is not the interest of the landowners to disturb the existing state of things, although they may fairly call attention to their

exceptional burdens, if they are threatened with exceptional taxation. To their whole body the Report of the Select Committee will be thoroughly unwelcome.

THE WAR OF 1870.

IV.

WE began this series of papers with the fixed intention of confessing plainly a mistake if we found ourselves mistaken, and of owning to perplexity if we felt ourselves perplexed. And thus, whilst closing our last article, we expressed a doubt which we could not solve as to whether the French were really yet in a position to advance, inasmuch as their unexpected delay, then continued over a fortnight, had shown that it was not safe to speculate on any offensive movement being made on their side at all. At the same time we asserted, as we have done from the first, that it was entirely their own choice if they did not make it; since their enemy could not up to the 3rd inst. (with the exception of a single corps on the higher Moselle) have advanced to the Vosges. We had no faith in the notion which some of our contemporaries held, that the North German army had not only been mobilized throughout, but massed upon the Saar in little more than a fortnight, and that it was the surprising readiness of his enemies, rather than his own indecision, which held the EMPEROR back.

Since we advanced that opinion history has taken the place of conjecture, and military events of a very striking character have been succeeded by political consequences of such vast importance as to cast them into the shade. The threatened fall of a dynasty would incline us to deal slightly with the military errors of its chief, and to condemn rather the mistaken policy which maintained over a great nation a system of government which a single shock would ruin. But our task here is to trace the features of the war as separate from its political aspect, and the general outline of these for the week ending on Thursday may now be distinctly followed, and will occupy all our space.

On the 3rd the general situation which we had attempted to divine was actually as follows. The EMPEROR held his corps scattered along the Prussian and Bavarian frontiers, MACMILLAN covering the right between Strasburg and the Lauter, LADMIRAUT on the left at Thionville, FROSSARD at Forbach, on the left centre, supported by BAZAINE and the Guards in rear, and DE FAILLY about Bitsch, protecting the branch railroad from Sarreguemines to Haguenau. Marshal CANOBERT's corps was in second line at Châlons or Nancy, and DOUAY's to the south-east of the whole at Belfort. Most of these positions had been occupied for many days, and an advance by Forbach and Saarbrück was looked for by the main body as the natural complement of the cannonade of the 2nd, when the Prussian outposts (variously reported as from three companies to three battalions) had been forced over the Saar by General FROSSARD. Whether the EMPEROR's faculties have actually been weakened during the past ten years, or whether he missed the advice of NIEL and VAILLANT, who were at his side in 1859, is what we do not pretend to decide. Certain it is that his orders were confused and contradictory. Ready to all appearance, he was yet afraid to strike; a condition of mind which, once yielded to, must, as we pointed out a fortnight since, ruin the prestige derived from his single successful campaign. Purposeless movements to either flank were so made and counter-ordered as to irritate the Staff and dishearten the soldier. The precious days drifted away, and the appearance of a single Prussian corps on the left front at Trèves, or the inevitable difficulty of gathering supplies for an advance, was made the excuse in the EMPEROR's mind for remaining still on the French side of the Saar with his main force, whilst his outstretched wings, disseminated over a front a hundred miles wide, invited attack at half a dozen points from a vigorous enemy.

The Prussian situation on the 3rd was as follows: On the right, the First Army, organized by HERWARTH at Coblenz, had had General STEINMETZ—another veteran of the Waterloo period—suddenly assigned to its head in the field. It consisted of the 7th, 8th, with probably half of the 1st Corps; but in spite of every exertion, only three of the five divisions had reached the district where the Saar flows into the Moselle above Trèves. The Central or Second Army was less advanced. Prince FREDERIC CHARLES had only taken up his head-quarters at Mayence on the 1st, and was occupied in pushing his leading Corps (the 3rd, under ALVENSLEBEN) direct through the Vosges towards the point of junction on the Saar, so long threatened by the French troops of FROSSARD. Marching

partly, and partly (as is probable from their speedy transit) using the Kreutznach-Bingen line, this corps was now more than half over the hundred miles which lie between Mayence and Forbach. How important to Prince FREDERIC CHARLES was the inaction of the French may best be understood by observing that their advance for fifteen miles only beyond Saarbrück would have brought them upon the second junction station before them, that of Neunkirchen, where the Kreutznach-Bingen line unites with the main railroad from Metz to Manheim. The French main body, therefore, if they had pushed less than twenty miles from the Saar, would have completely severed the communication of the troops on the Bingen line from those on the Mannheim, and both of course from that to Trèves by Saarbrück, except so far as the Prussians might have used the cross-roads of a difficult country. But modern history may be ransacked in vain to find a just parallel to the feebleness and inaction shown by the French Emperor and his advisers during the momentous days of which we speak.

Whilst the right and centre of the Prussians were thus still far from facing the enemy in strength, the case was very different with their left, where General MÖLTKE had directed so large a force to assemble as to give to the CROWN PRINCE and his (Third) Army great independence of action. Here were no mountains to be passed, no wide districts to be traversed before the enemy was found. The river Rhine and its petty affluent, the Lauter, had from the first separated the outposts of MACMAHON from those of the Badish and Bavarian levies first summoned to cover the frontier. Dashing expeditions of horsemen were made across, chiefly from the German lines; and whilst these occupied the French, the Third Army was being collected undiscovered in their front. The 5th and 11th Prussian Corps and the 1st Bavarian were the earliest to arrive at the designated passages of the Rhine at Germersheim and Mannheim, and for fourteen days consecutively 5,000 men a day were passed through the latter city alone, and sent on by rail to Landau, where the CROWN PRINCE had his headquarters on the 3rd, and was joined also by divisions from Baden and Wurtemberg, the latter only that evening.

This fortress is but a short march from the frontier on the Lauter, and as the German side of that stream was wooded, it was not difficult to mass a great part of the allied troops close to it on the 3rd. The line of the stream was observed by the French with a single division of MACMAHON's corps under General ABEL DOUAY, who, though ignorant of the movements on the other side, was so rash as to keep the bulk of his troops almost upon the frontier. It was open to him to have held this line with picquets of his cavalry, and kept his command so far to the south as to have had ample notice of the advance of the Prussians over the stream. Trusting, however, to a vague idea that the enemy were on the defensive, he (or possibly the Marshal under whom he acted) neglected this obvious precaution, although aware that there were other unguarded passages by which he might be attacked, as that of Lauterburg, a small place ten miles to his right, near the Rhine. His position, therefore, laid him at the mercy of the superior numbers who were gathering before him unobserved, and the CROWN PRINCE promptly used the advantage thus offered by the enemy, whose camp was but a mile beyond the Lauter.

Early on the morning of the 4th the Prussians and Bavarians crossed the stream by various passages near Weissenburg, the CROWN PRINCE taking care thoroughly to outflank his opponents by sending the Baden Division, which had joined him complete under the Prussian General BEYER, to cross the stream at Lauterburg. This last column, however, never got near the enemy. DOUAY, surprised at the unexpected attack, made a gallant but wholly useless attempt to hold his ill-chosen position. He was forthwith outflanked and driven back, and his own life, and the loss of 600 prisoners, a gun, and all his wounded, paid the penalty of the bad generalship which had thrust him into certain defeat. That night the stragglers of his division were wandering through the streets of Haguenau, twenty miles to the southward, on the road to Strasburg.

Probably the CROWN PRINCE received orders to press his advantage by the same telegraphic wire which took his joyful news to his father's headquarters. At any rate, on the 5th he was following up his success, and picking up stragglers of the French in the villages which crowd the rich plain towards Haguenau, whilst MACMAHON, in hopes of revenging the check sustained by the advance of his corps, moved over the spurs of the Vosges, westward of that town, towards the enemy's flank. The Prussians were no doubt prepared for this attempt, and turned against him on the 6th, carrying, if not

over 100,000 men, as the French assert, certainly not far from 100,000; for the two Prussian corps should have been each full 30,000 strong, and the Bavarians, with the Badish and Wurtemberg troops, were over 30,000. MACMAHON seems to have had only the rest of his own corps, with possibly a detachment from DE FAILLY's, and therefore was outnumbered three to one. The collision took place at the villages of Wörth and Raichshofen, not far from where the Haguenau-Bitsch railway begins to wind its way upwards from the plain. Led as the Prussians were, flushed by recent success, and having so vast a preponderance of strength, the result could not long be doubtful. MACMAHON was decisively beaten, and, leaving upwards of 30 guns and 5,000 prisoners in the Prince's hands, escaped up the hills, retreating apparently on Bitsch. To retire along the enemy's frontier with a routed force was, however, plainly very dangerous; and mindful of this, or desirous to cover the railroad from Strasburg to Nancy, he moved by cross-roads through the hills to his left, and got to Saverne, a large station on that line, which place however he abandoned to the Prussians on the 8th.

On the very day on which the most famous of the French generals suffered this disaster, the same bad strategy which left the First Corps to be routed by a whole army was repeated with the Second Corps before Saarbrück. General FROSSARD had fallen back slightly from the latter place after the Weissenburg news was telegraphed to the French headquarters on the 5th. General GOEBEN, with the divisions of the 7th and 8th Corps, finding support close at hand in the arrival of the 3rd, which was now coming up from Neunkirchen, did not hesitate of his own motion to follow them up. The action that ensued was warm, but the Prussians—according to the interesting narrative of an eyewitness in the *Times* of Thursday—made infinitely better use of the cover afforded by woods than their opponents, and got the better of FROSSARD even before the 3rd Corps, hurried by trains over the line which the French had neglected to seize, came fairly on the ground. The newly arriving troops were so judiciously used to let GOEBEN strengthen his right (whether by his own order or ALVENS-LEBEN's does not appear), that the French left was thoroughly outflanked, the direct road to Metz occupied, and FROSSARD compelled, with such troops of other corps as had reached him, to make a circuitous and dangerous retreat through by-roads to the south on St. Avoil. Near this he regained the Metz road, fifteen miles from that fortress, but the Prussians had followed up their advantage so closely that they were at the same place not many hours later. Of course the defeat led to a concentration of the French main body round Metz, whilst MACMAHON was making a parallel retreat on Nancy, where Marshal CANROBERT is ready to support him. A French estimate of Tuesday gives the forces of these Marshals (including DE FAILLY's Corps, which joined MACMAHON) as together equal to 100,000 men, and the main army, now under BAZAINE, as 130,000.

Such fugitive accounts as we have of the battles are not sufficient to base any final judgment of the tactics on. We only know that the French fought recklessly and carelessly at Forbach; that the mitrailleur has done nothing as yet to justify the hopes of its inventors; nor has the Chassepot proved sensibly superior, as the French had hoped, to the needle-gun. As to the strategy, it needs no critic to point out the lamentable deficiency which permitted isolated corps at two different points to be surprised and overwhelmed by armies against which they had no chance. That the CROWN PRINCE neither followed up MACMAHON nor attempted to force his way between him and the Saar, seems rather to us to show that the Third Army was destined for some hidden further use than that its commander was paralysed, as the French suppose, by his own losses. That only one corps of the Second Army got up to Forbach in time for the contest of the 6th is answer enough to those who are surprised not to have found Prince FREDERIC CHARLES co-operating with his cousin, by moving southward across MACMAHON's rear to destroy the French right wing.

The investment of Strasburg closes our history for the week. That the Prussians are aware how poorly the place is garrisoned may be conjectured from their leaving the charge of its enclosure to the Badish division (BEYER's), who will doubtless be reinforced by some of the Reserves, now following the successful armies in second line. That the fortress should soon be summoned was an inevitable result of MACMAHON's abandonment of the district. A blockade, well maintained, is a fearful weapon against a city of over 80,000 souls. But should the Prussians desire a more speedy success, and bring up a full siege-train, the history of French frontier

fortresses in 1814-15 shows that civic troops serving an unstable Government cannot be relied on for any real defence, unless some man of genius chance to be in command.

THE SESSION.

A SESSION which terminates in the midst of the greatest war of Europe since the days of the First Napoleon was opened when everything was so quiet, and the certainty of continued peace seemed so assured, that our relations with foreign Powers were only noticed in the Queen's Speech to say that there was nothing to notice with regard to them. The Queen's Speech was, however, full of matter of domestic interest, for it gave promise of the most ample and varied legislation. There was, first of all, to be an Irish Tenant Bill "adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the country, and calculated to bring about improved relations between the agricultural classes." Then there was to be another great measure for the "enlargement on a comprehensive scale of the means of National Education." University tests were also to be dealt with so as to make the Universities more respected. Then the Ballot was to be introduced when the Committee had prepared their Report on Parliamentary and Municipal Elections. The transfer of land was to be simplified, and the law of intestacy with regard to real property was to be assimilated to that with regard to personal property. The evils of the licensing system were to be dealt with. Local Rating, and some of the shortcomings in the administration of the Poor-law, were to be attended to. The vast and intricate system of law regulating Merchant Shipping was to be codified. Naturalization was to be put on an intelligible and satisfactory basis. The Trade-Unions were to have a greater shadow of legality thrown over them, and the whole scheme of Appellate Jurisdiction was to be remodelled. Last, but not least, the peace of Ireland was to be preserved by some sort of adequate provision. Most of these were but the brilliant dreams, the pleasant fancies, of the Government. It has, as to most of them, been already forgotten that the Government ever thought of them. There was never a Session in which the Government has had to abandon more measures. But then it is very long since there was a Session in which two Bills so important as the Irish Land Bill and the Education Bill have been passed. The history of the Session is the history of these two measures; but it is history full of deep interest, and most creditable to the Government that originated these Bills and to the Parliament that passed them.

Mr. Gladstone introduced the Irish Land Bill on February 13, and from the outset his scheme was received with as much favour as a scheme violating so many of the maxims of political economy, of English law, and of English social and political traditions could be likely to receive. He took the utmost pains at the very first to show that Ireland was in an exceptional position, and required exceptional treatment, while this treatment would set no precedent that would be dangerous to countries not exceptional. Conviction, or a sense of necessity, compelled all English parties to admit or act on this assumption. The House of Commons would not listen to arguments deduced from the danger to which England might be exposed after such a Bill had been passed for Ireland. It declined to see anything but the immediate social and political necessities of Ireland. The Irish landlords were, on the whole, anxious that a Bill of some sort should pass, and were by no means averse to Mr. Gladstone's measure. The tenants and the Irish members were aware that Mr. Gladstone professed to give them something which a year or two before they would never even have dreamt of, and that it was a large and liberal measure. There never has been any enthusiasm in Ireland for the Bill, but there has been content, acquiescence, and a disposition to think that the tenants have come very well off. The whole basis of the Bill was the proposal that landlords might use their legal right to evict tenants capriciously, but that if they did they should pay the man they evicted, and that the poorer the man evicted, the more proportionally he should get. Besides this the tenant was to be paid for improvements, local customs in his favour were to be legally recognised, he was to be prevented for a time from contracting himself out of the benefits the Bill gave him, and the State was to aid him in purchasing the land in case his landlord wished to sell. These were all great advantages, but the backbone of the measure was the compensation for eviction. It was an enormous boon to the Irish tenant, although obviously that one man should be obliged to compensate another for exercising a legal right against him was a most exceptional piece of legislation to proceed from an English Parliament. It is highly to the credit of Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet to have devised and adhered to so bold and novel a method of dealing with the difficulties of Irish land; and although Mr. Gladstone at one time was somewhat bewildered with the details of the Bill, and lost for a moment his control over it, and although its original simplicity was in some respects impaired, yet it never lost the great value due to its essential conception, and has passed into the Statute-Book as one of the boldest efforts at remedial legislation that have ever been known.

The debate on the Second Reading was chiefly characterized by two things. Mr. Chichester Fortescue was able to show with the most telling force that the Government was giving far more than had been asked for by the Irish members who four years before had proposed what they thought, although

hopeless of success, should be carried; for they had only advocated compensation for improvements, and had never soared to compensation for eviction. Secondly, Dr. Ball, who then assumed, and afterwards retained, the position of leader of the Opposition in regard to the Bill, objected to every detail of the Bill, but was obliged to give in his general adhesion to it. In language of considerable eloquence, and evidently prompted by conviction, he denounced the supercilious inconsistency of a Government that, satisfied of the inherent superiority of the system of free contract, gave to Ireland what they knew to be the second good, and proclaimed that for Ireland the incapacity to contract freely was an excellent thing. Dr. Ball, in fact, at once denied and accepted the primary assumption on which the Bill was based, and this was virtually the position assumed throughout the debates on the Bill by all those who had the practical guidance of the Opposition both in the Commons and in the Lords. When the Bill passed into Committee the Government defended without difficulty the course it had adopted with regard to the customs of Ulster, and easily convinced the House that while these customs could not be defined they must be preserved. The objection which had found weight in Ireland, that Ulster was treated with exceptional favour, was overcome by the device of enacting that wherever in Ireland there was a custom like that of Ulster it should be treated in the same way. But as soon as the Committee reached the clause providing for compensation in case of eviction, the inherent difficulties of their task began to press on the Government. They simplified and improved their Bill by entirely separating compensation for eviction from compensation for improvements, and by removing the provision that the tender by the landlord of a lease for a specified length of years should operate as a bar to the claim for eviction. But they encountered a whole host of difficulties when they attempted to determine what the compensation for eviction should really amount to. They conceded the great principle that the amount should be subject to all such deductions as the landlord could reasonably make. In the first place they had to fight for the scale of compensation, and as they were professedly protecting the poor they had to show that their scale, both with regard to the incapacity to contract freely and as to compensation for eviction, was not pushed so far as to give a premium to those who were already independent. On one occasion Mr. Gladstone found himself reduced to a majority of thirty-two. The House seemed entirely out of hand. Mr. Gladstone, anxious, irritated, and bewildered, spoke on every little point, and Sir Roundell Palmer, who found no lawyer on behalf of the Government to match him, suggested change after change, to the detriment of the Bill, which Mr. Gladstone scarcely knew whether to accept or not. The Bill made no progress. In spite of the vehement protests of private members, the House began its morning sittings at an unusually early period, and still the Government could not push the Bill forward, until at last Easter came to put a welcome stop to proceedings which seemed devoid of drift or meaning. During the recess, however, reflection, and the expression of their views on the part of the constituencies, had their effect, and the House resumed its sittings with a fixed intention to pass the Bill.

The change was immediately apparent, and, as one enthusiastic Conservative observed, Sir Roundell Palmer seemed thenceforth to be mesmerized. Clause after clause was passed, and while making from time to time trifling concessions, the Government had entirely its own way, and by Whitsuntide had the Bill ready to send up to the Lords. In the middle of June the Lords were ready to take the Second Reading of the Bill, and although there was some vehement speaking in the Upper House against the measure, there was no violent opposition. The Duke of Richmond was extremely courteous and moderate, and, although he announced that he must try to introduce some amendments, he gave it to be understood that it would not be his fault if the Bill did not pass. In Committee, however, there were changes made which for a time seemed to imperil the Bill, and on two occasions the Conservative peers broke away from the leadership of the Duke of Richmond, and insisted for the moment on having their own way, Lord Salisbury more especially striving successfully, in spite of the advice of the nominal leader of his party, to narrow the range of compensation for eviction. The scale of compensation was reduced; the length of lease which if tendered and accepted should be a bar to such a claim was reduced; the tenant was not to let in conacre without the written permission of the landlord; the landlord was to be at liberty to register his improvements; the tenant's assignee must be approved by the landlord in order to have a claim for compensation if evicted. These and various other changes were made, all adversely to the interests of the tenant; while, strange to say, what were known as Mr. Bright's clauses enabling the tenant to purchase with the aid of the State were passed without opposition. By the time, however, that the Report had to be considered the Lords relapsed into a tamer and a wiser mood. The Government also succeeded in meeting some of the chief objections made to their proposals by introducing a series of amendments based on a nicer adaptation of the wording of the Bill to the circumstances of particular estates. They retained, for example, the general presumption that improvements had been made by the tenants, but they admitted a long list of cases in which this presumption should not be held to exist. The amendments of the Lords, many of which were undoubtedly improvements in the Bill, were submitted to the Commons, and so far as possible were accepted. Where, indeed, as in the alteration of the scale of compensation for eviction, the offer of the Government to the poor

Irish was obviously lessened in value, the Government was firm, and the Lords easily yielded. In minor points there was a little given and taken; but the result was that the Bill passed without its passage leaving the memory of any bitterness in either House, and with all that was best and most essential in Mr. Gladstone's original scheme preserved.

The Education Bill was introduced by Mr. Forster on February 16, three days after the Irish Land Bill had been introduced by Mr. Gladstone. The Bill, although repeatedly and in some quarters bitterly attacked, was from the outset received with very general approbation by those who were best qualified to judge of its merits, and in spite of subsequent alterations its framework has remained throughout the same. The essential features of the measure were that the whole country should be mapped out into school districts, and that a report should be made by Government inspectors as to the state of education in each district. Where the education was reported to be efficient—that is, providing a good rudimentary education for all children under twelve years of age—things were to be left as they were found. If within a year no efficient education was provided in a district, then a School Board, elected by the Town Council in towns and in rural districts by the Select Vestries, was to be created, to have power to impose an Educational Rate, and, if it thought proper, to compel the attendance of children by imposing a fine on neglectful parents. The Board might either constitute new schools, denominational or secular as it liked, or it might assist schools already existing in the district, but it was obliged to assist all if it assisted any. If the Board did not do its duty it would be liable to be superseded by the Education Department, until reliance could be placed on its future working being satisfactory; while the State was to meet with an equal amount sums raised by the local rate, just as it previously met, and would continue to meet, with an equal amount sums raised by voluntary subscriptions. No schools, again, were to be free altogether, but the parents were to be required to pay the school pence, unless the Board saw special reason for letting in any child free of payment.

The power thus given to a School Board, if it came into existence at all, to levy rates, compel attendance, and then set up schools of a denominational kind where the religious belief of the majority would naturally prevail, excited much opposition in a section of the Liberal party. The Nonconformists thought that it would tell to the unfair advantage of the Established Church, and those who wished for secular education only to be provided by public money inveighed against the injustice of making the minority pay for the triumph of the creed of the majority. A vague amendment condemning the bestowal of this power on the proposed School Boards was moved by Mr. Dixon when the Second Reading was moved. Mr. Forster replied that, if the School Boards were to be precluded from ordering any religion to be taught, this prohibition would be exactly what the country did not want: while if it was merely meant that the teaching should be unsectarian, no Act of Parliament could prescribe what sectarian meant, and the Education Department could never be permitted to constitute itself the judge. Mr. Winterbotham in a very able speech gave expression to the social jealousy which Dissenters feel towards the Church, and Mr. Harcourt painted in strong colours the mischief of having religious creeds mixed up with the election of School Boards. Mr. Lowe entreated the House not to act like a herd of cattle leaving a rich pasture to quarrel over a bed of nettles. Strange to say, this did not smooth matters, and it was only when Mr. Gladstone at last came forward, and, adopting the Time Table Conscience Clause to please the Nonconformists, gave it to be understood that the Government would do all it could to meet the wishes of all its supporters, that something like peace was restored.

For exactly three months nothing more was heard in Parliament of the Education Bill, but there had been considerable agitation about it outside the House, and when the passing of the Irish Land Bill through the Commons left Mr. Gladstone free to take up the Education Bill in the middle of June, he announced the changes which the Government were prepared to make in their proposal. The chief of these alterations were, that from all rate-built schools every formulary distinctive of any denominational creed should be excluded, and that the denominational schools should not be aided by rates, but only by the Education Department, while the grant in aid both of denominational schools and of rate-built schools was to be raised from one-third to one-half of the total cost, building grants being henceforth to be discontinued. To this final recasting of their scheme the Government firmly and successfully adhered. They insisted that it met the wishes of the nation, and was a fair compromise between opposing views, and the House supported them, and the country evidently was with them. That the Conservative party was not adverse to the measure, even though Mr. Disraeli tried to frighten his audience by hinting that the Bill would create a new sacerdotal class in the schoolmasters, seemed the chief reason why many Liberals opposed it. Mr. Auberon Herbert boldly took the line of upholding secular education, and Mr. Trevelyan resigned office rather than be a party to giving fresh funds to denominational institutions; but the immense majority of those who attacked the Bill wanted a religious education to be supplied by the State, only they wanted the religion to be what some unascertainable persons would consider to be common to all sects. Common sense and experience fortunately persuaded the great bulk of the Liberal party that the way to get what is wanted by way of religious education is not to enact that it shall be un-

sectarian, but to trust to the influence of a body principally composed of laymen acting on each other, and having live little children to deal with. Mr. Forster was firm, and he was impartially firm. Mr. Richard's proposal to limit teaching to secular subjects was rejected, but so was Sir Stafford Northcote's proposal to omit the clause proscribing catechisms and formularies, and Sir John Pakington's proposal to make the daily reading of the Scriptures compulsory. In the same way the House ratified the decision of the Government to leave it to the School Boards to make attendance compulsory; and the Government, after agreeing that the election of the Boards should rest with the ratepayers, accepted what appeared to be the wish of the House, that the voting should be cumulative, so that, where there were several vacancies, an elector might if he liked give all his votes to one candidate, and thus the minority, educational or religious, would have a better chance of being represented. All opposition was at an end, when it appeared that the Government thought it its duty to insist that the voting should also be by ballot, and this gave rise to a fierce dispute, which ultimately, however, became of no moment, as the one important change which the Lords thought it necessary to make and insist on was the excision of this ballot part of the Bill. Thus a Bill which it was once thought beyond human power and energy to pass has been got through both Houses in a few weeks, because it was really well devised, because the country insisted on a Bill of some sort being passed, and because the conduct of the Bill was entrusted to the tact, the honesty, and the boldness of Mr. Forster.

The history of these two Bills is, as we have said, the history of the Session. But the activity of the Government was so great that an attempt at least was made to pass a variety of other measures. One Bill, indeed, was forced on them much against their will, and the discussion of the Irish Land Bill was interrupted to pass a measure for which a lamentable necessity existed, to preserve the peace of Ireland. Open lawlessness and a criminal audacity sheltering itself under the veil of sedition was rendering life unendurable to the quiet inhabitants of Ireland. The Government was obliged to ask for exceptional powers to restrain Irish crime, and the Bill it brought in, which consisted principally in substituting the summary jurisdiction of magistrates for trial by jury, and in investing the Lord-Lieutenant with a limited power of suppressing seditious newspapers, was well devised and has answered its purpose. Peace has been preserved in Ireland up to the ordinary Irish standard since the Bill became law. The Government has had, however, several disappointments in its efforts at legislation. The Chancellor more especially offered a scheme for remodelling the Higher Courts, so as to commence the fusion of law and equity which is theoretically so much to be desired in England. But the scheme broke down before the criticism of the law lords, who objected that the Bill proposed to relegate to the decision of the Privy Council questions which ought to be decided by Parliament itself. Later in the Session the Chancellor attempted to mitigate the scandal of the innumerable appeals which the Privy Council has to deal with, but of which it neither will nor can dispose. The plan of the Government was, however, simply to get judicial assistance by seeking it, not of the best kind, but wherever it could be had cheapest, and the House of Commons declined to support the Government in lowering the standard of one of the highest Courts of Appeal. A foolish opposition on the most frivolous grounds also succeeded in smothering a Bill intended to repeal the old absurdity of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act; and the utter want of time compelled the abandonment of the Government measures for dealing with most of the minor measures announced in the Queen's Speech, including the measure for reforming the method of holding Parliamentary elections. Mr. Gladstone consoled himself for putting off till another year this last measure by an extraordinary speech in which he announced that England had already virtually obtained universal suffrage, and that, as every one might now follow his own caprices in voting, it was somehow only proper that he should do so in a secret manner. The absorbing interest of the war between France and Germany, which prevented any attention being bestowed on this effusion, enabled the Government to pass without resistance, or even criticism, the Foreign Enlistment Bill, which, coupled with the Naturalization Bill and the new Extradition Bill, has placed our legal relations with foreign nations on a new and satisfactory footing. But the greatest disappointment which the Ministry have had to undergo has been the rejection, under form of reference to a Committee, of the Bill for the repeal of University Tests, which was passed by large majorities in the Commons. The nominal leader of the Conservative peers would probably have been willing that it should get through the Upper House. But Lord Salisbury, who every now and then assumes the leadership of his party, took the matter out of the hands of the Duke of Richmond, and indulged himself and his friends in the pleasure of dealing a blow to the Ministry. The ultimate sufferer will, it is to be feared, be the Church of England, but it must be owned that it is almost beyond human patience for a Conservative peer to be always registering the decrees of a Liberal House of Commons. On the whole the House of Lords has shown great moderation and good temper this Session, and the credit of this is in a large measure due to the Duke of Richmond, who has had the courage to go plodding on, and to have quietly swallowed the mortification he must have felt on finding that his followers slipped out of his control whenever Lord Salisbury, in the pursuit of a Parliamentary spree, chose to whistle them away.

Mr. Lowe had the pleasantest of Budgets to propose, for a surplus of four millions and a remission of half the Sugar duties and a penny off the Income-tax were equally simple and satisfactory. Mr. Childers, even when war seemed suddenly near us, adhered to his statement that, although he had saved a million, he had given us a navy in every respect worthy of the country. Mr. Cardwell said the same of the army, in spite of the reductions he has made; but fortune has obliged him to ask for twenty thousand more men, and even if the tiny regular army of England is as efficient as he says, no one can doubt that the army of Reserve is organized in the most ludicrously and perilously imperfect manner. Private members have naturally failed almost entirely to carry their Bills in a Session which was so much too crowded and too short even for the Government; but Mr. Russell Gurney has succeeded in getting passed a fragment of his Bill for giving a separate legal existence to married women, and the fragment that has become law will at any rate protect the earnings of an industrious wife against the rapacity of an idle husband. This Session, too, the Bill for legalizing marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, which to a small clique appears to be the one absorbing point of interest in English legislation, was not only carried with ease through the Commons, but was rejected by the small majority of four in the Lords. A Bill to regulate or restrain Sunday trading happily failed, the member who had charge of it having left for America before it came on. Several angry discussions as to the Game-laws were supposed to be likely to be followed up by some sort of legislation, but nothing came of them, and the whole subject, as well as the subjects of licensing, the government of the metropolis, and local taxation, were remitted to the limbo of being under the consideration of Mr. Bruce. Mr. Watkin Williams pleased his constituents and occupied an evening by a motion for disestablishing the Church in Wales; and Mr. Osborne Morgan endeavoured to remedy the evil of large landowners denying sites for schools and chapels to persons of whose religion they do not approve. The Government itself chose to extinguish unexpectedly a most harmless Bill for allowing clergymen of the Church of England to read only such portions of the Scripture as are likely to edify their congregations. The Greek massacres naturally led to a full discussion of their origin and consequences in both Houses, and Lord Clarendon gave a welcome expression to the national indignation; but no one of any party has been able to suggest anything that England can practically do in the matter. Enough attention has been directed to the Colonies to make it clear that Parliament and the country wish the Ministry of the day to consult in every way colonial susceptibilities, provided that our policy of withdrawing troops from colonies that insist on political independence is maintained. India got more attention than usual. The financial statement, of course, was only made at a time of the Session when no one thought of attending to it, and as no two sets of Indian officials ever add up the same figures with the same results, there is a haziness about Indian finance which impairs its interest. But a whole evening was devoted in the middle of the Session to the discussion of the immorality of the opium trade, and the House had the satisfaction of learning, once for all, from Mr. Grant Duff, that opium was the greatest possible blessing to the Chinese, and that we had been their best benefactors in giving it for them.

The death of Lord Clarendon, which was unaffectedly regretted by the country and by men of all parties, led to a reconstruction of the Cabinet. Lord Granville took the seals of the Foreign Office, and found himself immediately called on to face a great European war and to represent England in the councils of Europe at a moment of immense difficulty. Hitherto he has discharged this delicate and onerous duty with great success. His promotion left room for Lord Kimberley at the Colonial Office, and that irrepressible Whig stager, Lord Halifax, found his way, to the general astonishment, into the sinecure office of Privy Seal. At the same time Mr. Forster received the reward he had so richly deserved of a seat in the Cabinet, and although his services cannot be spared in the subordinate post he now holds, he is obviously fast rising into the position of the future leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone has had to encounter some opposition from a section of his followers, and Mr. Fawcett has secured the post of the most prominent leader of this opposition. On one occasion, when Mr. Gladstone would insist on forcing to a vote the motion for an address to reserve the Crown portion of the Thames Embankment for the public, he was left in a considerable minority. By declaring that he would treat a hostile vote as implying a want of confidence in the Government, he averted any decision of the House when Mr. Fawcett, aided by a brilliant speech from a new Irish member, Mr. Plunkett, tried to exact a pledge that, in dealing with Trinity College, Dublin, he would not be guided by his Ultramontane allies; and he turned with spirit at last on the band of his Non-conformist supporters who were always complaining that he had deserted them. He had also little difficulty in persuading the House to give a harmless direction to the mischievous motion for an inquiry into the state of Roman Catholic convents which Mr. Newdegate had succeeded in carrying. The absence of Mr. Bright through illness has left the Premier to lead his party this Session without the aid of a colleague holding a position of something like equal importance. And on the whole he has led it very effectively, although towards the end of the Session he made one or two mistakes which certainly damaged his position. He disappointed the nation when he was called on, as Prime Minister of England, to

say plainly to the world what value England attaches to the independence of Belgium. Subsequent revelations have shown both that his Cabinet was pursuing an honourable and firm course, and that no reason whatever existed why he should shrink from saying what the country wished him to say, and what he was obliged to say the very next evening through Lord Granville in the Lords. Happily there is no real reason for any distrust, and Parliament separates for the recess with full confidence that the Government will do its very best to keep England out of the war if possible, will aid in bringing the war to an end should an opportunity offer, and, if war is forced on us, will use the strength of England with a promptitude and efficiency worthy of the English name.

THE PLEASURES OF THE POOR.

THAT Sir George Cornewall Lewis should have borne the palm of original discovery in evolving the dictum that life would be tolerable were it not for its pleasures, is a proof of the more of the capriciousness of fame. The truth was recognised at least as far back as the days of Solomon, and very probably long before—say in the Vanity Fair that gathered round the rising walls of Babel. The least observant of men find fresh illustrations of it forced upon them at every turn, and were it not for the prejudices and confusion of ideas inextricably associating themselves with the word, the bulk of our “pleasures” would have exploded long ago in the teachings of experience and common sense. We chase Wills-o'-the-wisp over plague-stricken swamps, try to think it fun, and come back gravely injured in constitution. Even during the hunt itself, when excitement might be supposed to carry us along, the pestilential vapours that detach themselves exercise the most depressing influence on the spirits. They are to be overcome, it is true, by the excessive indulgence in stimulants that becomes a matter of course on such occasions, but alas! for the subsequent reaction. As certain drugs once introduced remain in the system until the patient becomes a moving doctor's shop, so each dose of gin, beer, and licensed victuallers' vintages leaves its legacy of drags to cloud the brain and try the stomach. We are speaking more especially now of the simple pleasures of the poor. This is the season when the hard-worked mechanic breaks away from the mill for a day long reckoned on in advance, changes fustian for broadcloth, a cap for a chimney-pot, and becomes a gentleman in every particular worth mentioning. His wife and daughters, gorgeous in large-patterned prints and bold-coloured ribbons, crowd the vans that lumber down to Hampton or Greenwich, or the more aristocratic omnibuses that rattle through clouds of dust to suburban pethouses in their sequestered skittle-grounda. So far this is just what it should be, and as we like to see it; man cannot live by work alone, and go on turning it out of prime quality to the end of the chapter, nor did nature surely intend that any of her children should be divorced from her embrace for life by brick walls and city smoke. In the way of recreation one glimpse of Hampstead Heath is worth whole volumes of tropical travel and long galleries of landscape, and a hanlet in a Surrey hedge gives a fresher idea of nature's charms than all the stuffed specimens in the zoological department of the British Museum. It is quite fair that the ladies should outflaunt each other in the blazing colours of the rainbow, for in no other way can an indulgent parent make a woman's rare holidays so pleasant to her. How much he can afford to spend on cheap calico is a matter between himself and his prudence; but for the moment we are not regarding this question of his pleasures from the moral, economic, or aesthetic point of view. On the contrary, we take our stand on the lowest firm ground we can find; beg him only to think how he can best amuse himself, and ask him to look no further forward than the morrow. Tempering the one of these considerations with the other, the average holiday of the average working-man seems a mistake from first to last. What makes it so is, we believe, mainly the sense of responsibility that weighs upon him. The greater his intelligence and forethought, the heavier the pressure and the more fatal the results. Working-days come some six times in the week, holidays about twice in the year. Opportunities so scarce and precious must be improved to the uttermost; *carpe diem* is his motto, and the counsel of the Roman poet translated into “making a day of it” when paraphrased in the British vernacular.

Of course the great feature in all English merrymaking is necessarily drink, and none of us have much right to throw stones at our neighbours on that score. Our national solemnities are consecrated by banquets; we break wine bottles on our ships when we name and launch them, and pledge our foundation-stones in the generous fluid when we lay them; our domestic anniversaries are celebrated by visits to the most recondite bins of the cellar, and the hospitalities of the Mansion House are made familiar, through the columns of the press, to all the dwellers within the walls of mortality. With the menu of the genial table of the chief civic magistrate before our eyes, we have a delicacy in preaching temperance. Yet we would submit to our friend the working-man that spheres have their privileges, and that the Lord Mayor lays in his wines wholesale, and is presumably fortunate in his wine-merchant. Moreover, the traditional duties of his office point rather to the larder than the cellar; his antecedents have generally indicated an exceptional capacity for his post; he and his friends are necessarily to a certain extent in perpetual training, and the etiquette of his office forbids premature indulgence in

the wine-cup. Turn to the workman out for the day. He starts unusually early, after a hurried meal for which unwonted excitement has utterly spoiled his appetite. Before he has gone very far he feels a sinking, and craves a stimulant. It would shock him to drink so early at any other time, but holidays come but twice a year, he is resolved to deny himself nothing he can help on this jovial occasion, and besides he really needs it. His good lady is easily persuaded to have a modest sip. Two eligible bachelor "parties" who have been doing the agreeable to his daughters have imitated his order in all good-fellowship, and now gallantly tender their glasses to the objects of their passing attentions. The young ladies cannot well seriously decline, and end by just touching them with their lips in all courtesy, with much blushing and loud laughter. The stedfast father is, the less fitted is he to stand unwonted excesses; as for the young ladies, it is their initiation. The ice once broken, the thing goes on—successive sips deepening in an arithmetical progression. The clouds of suburban dust take a great deal of laying, and sprinkling them with publican's beer is very much like extinguishing fire in oil. With all their jealousies, and independently of the immediate profits of adulteration, publicans are too loyal to the interests of their trade to sell anything that will not provoke the thirst they professedly quench. When, after many hours and many "a drain," our friends reach their destination at the "Green Man," they feel more as if they had just been breakfasting on pickled periwinkles than indulging steadily in chronic refreshment. They are fast silting up in the dust, and have been jolted into a profuse perspiration. Father's usually equable temper already shows signs of wear and tear; he talks louder and more deliberately than usual, and is become decidedly argumentative. His spouse's pleasant red face has become steadily redder, until it shames the scarlet of her ribbons; she laughs out of place and out of time, and her daughters conduct their flirtations with growing confidence under the paternal eye and the maternal wing. When they all descend at the "Green Man," amid a cloud of other pleasure-seekers, many of them with far smaller claims to respectability be it observed, the day is only beginning. But already the language they have to listen to is characterized rather by its vigour and freedom than by chasteness of diction; jests are bandied that would lose little by being veiled in metaphor; and already, long before noon, the faster spirits among the gentlemen have clothed themselves with cursing like as a raiment. As the day goes on, things get rapidly worse, until the only refuge of the modest is flight or intoxication. The former is out of the question, for the places in the van have been paid for long in advance, and the price is not to be sacrificed. Yet the good dry skittle-ground is like a slice cut out of the deepest circle of a vulgar pandemonium. The tea-garden reeks with talk and slang as coarse as the tobacco fumes. On the road, youths in torn clothes and battered hats well on the back of their heads are galloping wretched donkeys to an accompaniment of hideous execrations. The passage opposite the bar is blocked by a group of drinkers with starting eyes, sodden faces, and stuttering tongues; while others, less confident of their legs, are solemnly endeavouring to prop their flaccid persons against the door-posts. As for the kiss in the ring, largely patronized in the neighbouring paddock, you may hear the boisterous merriment a couple of parishes off, but it is just as well for the passers by that tolerably thick hedges spare their eyes these rites of the British Isis. If you stray further afield, you light on the elderly and more exclusive spirits of the gathering, slumbering in peaceful drunkenness under trees and hedgerows. The expression of sedate respectability suddenly surprised sits awkwardly enough on a head that has settled stupidly on the shirt front; the suit of decorous black, the silver watch chain, the substantial bluchers, the smart new hat, look somewhat out of place berthed in a nettle-bed or prone in the dust. The dignity of labour may be compromised, but, after all, these gentlemen have chosen the sager part in stupefying themselves early in the day, and passing a quiet solitary afternoon. Most of the others have arrived at the former result, although by a more tedious path, before the hour has arrived for the homeward start. Nature has shot her bolt and tumbled back exhausted with the effort, and on the whole morality comes off better than might have been hoped, and the homeward drive is quieter than might have been expected.

But how do our friends feel next morning, and how will the day's enjoyments stand the morrow's reflection? When Philip sober, sad, sick, and penitent, judges Philip drunk, the verdict will be harsh enough. And not a single satisfactory remembrance has yesterday left him to counterbalance the weight of his heavy remorse, to compensate the present physical suffering and mental humiliation. He thinks ruefully on his money gone, and the spectacle of the new dresses of his wife and daughters all smeared over with beer and dust reminds him that he exposed their minds and morals to yet fouler contamination. But when the next holiday comes round he will go back to the same place, to enjoy himself in the same way, to sow the same evil harvest and reap the same bitter crop. There is very little use preaching to him. In the first place, because in his lucid moments he recognises the measure of his indiscretion much more vividly than you can do; and, among other good reasons, because he might embarrass you with a *tu quoque*. What do his betters do when they go out holiday-making, say to Epsom or to Ascot? They compromise themselves just as culpably, and much more inexcusably, if we take into account the weaker temptations to which they are exposed. How many gentlemen who go for fun, and not for business, come back

with heads as clear and cool as they started? If opportunities of dissipation came to them as rarely as to their working brothers, would they not abuse them as grossly? Are ladies, even at comparatively aristocratic Ascot, not exposed to the chance of sights and sounds which they had much better be spared; their presumably greater refinement being the down on the peach so much more easily injured than the tougher skin of the gooseberry? We are afraid that to be thoroughly appreciated our holidays must have something of the license of the Carnival, and that drunkenness is quite as likely to find itself at home there as decency

FRENCH AND GERMAN UNITY.

WE said something last week about the alleged "natural boundary" of France, the German river Rhine. Where the actual boundary may be by the time these words can be printed we cannot venture to say. We may by that time be able to change the way of reckoning familiar to Domesday, and to date events "postquam Rex Willelmus venit in Galliam." If the precept "Redite Cessari quae sunt Caesaris" may be extended to the ancient frontiers of the Holy Roman Empire, the command is at least beginning to be obeyed. Places whose honest German names it must be hard work for French mouths to utter are coming back again to their natural allegiance. The two hundred years during which they have been French may perhaps soon seem as nothing beside the countless earlier ages during which they were uninterruptedly German. But while thus looking forwards, it may not be amiss also to look a little backwards. France and Germany are at war. Putting aside all shadows and pretences, the real cause of the war is that France grudges Germany her unity and the strength which follows upon unity. It is, it seems, the privilege of France to keep all her neighbours divided and therefore weak. Any Power that ventures to seek strength through the means of unity is set down by France as a wrongdoer. We say by France, for though this particular war, as begun at this particular moment by Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, is simply the last desperate throw of a gambler, still there is no doubt that the doctrine that the unity and strength of Germany is wrong to France is a doctrine by no means confined to the inhabitants and the hangers-on of the Tuilleries. It is the doctrine of M. Thiers, who does not stake a crown and a son on the result, even though he may not hold it just or expedient to put the doctrine into a practical shape at this particular moment. It is then fair to ask why German unity should be looked on as any special wrong to France? Why should not French unity be looked upon as every bit as much a wrong to Germany? People have got so thoroughly into the way of looking on France with its present boundaries, or something greater than its present boundaries, as something which, like the Koran itself, has existed, and must have existed, from all eternity, that the question may seem a little startling. But, with the facts of history to back us, we ask why it is more of a wrong to France that Brandenburg and Hanover should obey the same ruler than it is a wrong to Germany that Paris and Normandy should obey the same ruler. If it is a wrong to France that Germany should possess Sleswick, is it not equally a wrong to Germany that France should possess Savoy? If Prussia, as a German State, is a wrongdoer by holding Polish Posen, is not France equally a wrongdoer by holding German Elsass? If we are told that the Germans of Elsass have become assimilated Frenchmen, it is equally true that the Poles of Posen are fast becoming assimilated Germans. No doubt the work is still imperfect, but the Pole of Posen is at least nearer to being a German than the Burgundian of the Free County was to being a Frenchman, when, long after his conquest, he expressed his hatred to his conqueror in his very rites of burial. For every charge against Germany it is easy to make answer by a parallel charge against France. And there is this all-important difference between the two cases. In the one case the wrong is something theoretical, something that may be, something looming in the future. In the other case the wrong is something real and practical, it is something that has been and is, it is something written in the history of the past. Whether the unity of Germany may prove a wrong to France we have yet to see. The unity of France, as soon as it was achieved, began its career, and has gone on with it ever since, by a series of wrongs to Germany.

Let us look at things from the beginning. What is Germany? What is France? Germany is an ancient kingdom which gradually lost its unity, which gradually split up into various independent States, and several of whose frontier provinces have been swallowed up by France itself. It is now accomplishing, we may almost say that it has accomplished, the restoration of its internal unity. We have yet to see whether the restoration of its unity will be followed by any conquest at the expense of France itself, or even by the milder process of winning back what France has conquered from Germany. What, on the other hand, is France? On the most favourable view, a view of courtesy rather than of truth, it is a sister-kingdom of Germany, called into being at the same time, which ran the same course with swifter steps, which fell asunder sooner than Germany, which reunited itself sooner than Germany, and which, as soon as the process of re-union was done, began, perhaps through an unavoidable impulse of human nature, to extend its borders at the expense of its neighbours. This, we say, is the view most favourable to France. It places the two kingdoms side by side. It gives each

a perfectly parallel career, and if it is ominous of future wrongs to be done by Germany to France, it at least shows that they will be only an "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"—that the wrongs which may possibly be some day done by Germany will only be a strict return for the wrongs that have been already done by France. In this view, we take them as sister kingdoms, springing out of the divisions of the great Frankish Empire in the ninth century. No earlier origin can possibly be given to modern France. We do not feel quite comfortable in not insisting on an origin a hundred years later. Dreams about France representing Roman Gaul, dreams about France representing the Carolingian Empire, must of course be laid aside. They are dreams and nothing more. The conquered Gaul can have no right to give himself out as the heir either of his Roman or of his German conqueror. It is enough that he has successively filched the name of both. It was as a Roman that the Frank conquered him, and it is now as a Frenchman that he goes forth against the real representative of the ancient Frank. Nothing in any way answering to the modern French country or nation existed before the divisions of the ninth century. Roman Gaul, as we have already said, was an artificial division, including Germans, Celts, and Iberians, and it is only one of these three that modern France can have the slightest claim to represent. The German kingdom of the Franks, sometimes united, sometimes divided into several under its Merovingian Kings, answers to nothing in earlier or later geography. The immediate Frankish dominion took in a large part both of Northern Germany and of Northern Gaul, and held neighbouring States, like Aquitaine, Brittany, and Bavaria, in such degrees of precarious dependence as its fluctuating strength from time to time contrived. It left its name equally on Gaulish and on German ground. There was a *Francia Teutonica* as well as a *Francia Latina*, an *Orientalis* as well as an *Occidentalis*, and at this day if there are *Français* there are also *Franken*. But to this earlier *Francia*, a *Francia* which indeed took in both Paris and Mainz, but which did not take in Bordeaux and Toulouse, modern France has nothing in common but the name. With the lesser *Francia*, the *Western* or *Latin Francia*—that is, roughly, the land between the Loire and the Maes—modern France has so much to do that it has gradually grown out of it, but we can hardly suppose the great nation to be so enamoured of antiquity as to wish to withdraw within these narrow limits. The plain fact is that the Duchy of France grew into the Kingdom, and the Kingdom thinks good to call itself an Empire. But we suppose we must be a little more civil than this. Some sort of foreshadowing of modern France did for the first time come into the world in the course of the ninth century. It came into the world by an accident. Lewis the Pious had given his favourite son Charles the kingdom of Neustria, that is, roughly speaking, Gaul north of the Loire; next, when he had the chance, he gave him the kingdom of Aquitaine also, and the two together, which had never before obeyed the same immediate ruler, formed something which may be called a dim foreshadowing of modern France. A State arose a great deal smaller than modern France, whose natural frontiers to the east were the Rhone, the Saône, and the Maes, but which stretched further than modern France to the north and south in the parts of Flanders and Barcelona. Like other kingdoms at the time, it had no fixed name; it was "Regnum Occidentale" and the like, but it also showed a tendency, like some other kingdoms, to take the name of its first King. As Lothar gave his name to Lotharingia, Lothringen, Lorraine, it seemed at first as if Charles the Bald was going to give his name to Carolingia, Karlingen, Charlaine. But for another accident, it might have been the great and glorious Empire of Charlaine. But the *Rex Karolorum* or *Karlensum* was, of all contemporary kings, the one who displayed the least power of keeping his dominions together. He was of course a *Rex Francorum*, one of the several *Reges Francorum* among whom the great Frankish dominion had split up. Chance combined in two ways to make him the single *Rex Francorum*, and to give his land the distinctive name of France. The other *Rex Francorum* merged that title in a higher one; Imperator Caesar Augustus had no need to commemorate his Frankish title. On the other hand the Dukes of the Latin France, the most powerful vassals of the Western Kingdom, strove for and at last won the Western crown. The land lost all chance of being any longer *Charlaine*, and by some caprice of fortune it never became *Hugonaine* again. The name of the Royal Duchy gradually spread itself over the kingdom, of which dukes had become kings. In ages long after the house of France had risen to royalty men would still have been amazed at the idea of a France which spread itself beyond the Loire or the Rhone. But it gradually made its way. The kingdom gradually swallowed up all the fiefs it held of it. Three alone have escaped—Barcelona, cut off by the Pyrenees; Flanders, which passed into the hands of a mightier master; and that insular Normandy which is still held by the heir of Rolf and William.

Then France, originally a single duchy, became co-extensive with the kingdom of which it formed a part. It grew in Gaul as Wessex grew in England, as Castile grew in Spain, as Prussia has grown in Germany; and when the fiefs which had been held of the kingdom had been incorporated, the next step was for the newly-formed Power to stretch forth its hands to seize such neighbouring territories as lay temptingly within its grasp. The successive sealings of six centuries at the expense of the three Imperial kingdoms, from Lyons in the thirteenth century to Savoy in the nineteenth, mark how truly the unity of France has been a standing menace, a standing wrong, to its neighbours. At last

the tables seem to be turned. We do not suppose that the German conqueror will proclaim the independence of Normandy or Gascony, or that he expects to be welcomed as a deliverer by discontented Normans and Gascons. But such a proclamation, such a hope, would not be a whit more unjust, not a whit more chimerical, than the dream which France cherished a few days back, that Westphalians, Saxons, or Swabians would fall away from the cause of Germany at her bidding.

SOCIAL VERDICTS.

BY "social verdicts" we are not here intending to convey those graver decisions which society has sometimes to make in matters of character and position, but merely the preferences or the antipathies which are of every-day occurrence in any circle. These, however, are not without an importance of their own. At this time of the year especially, when the season is nearly passed, and when its engrossing cares and excitements are one by one removed, people are gradually thrown in an increasing degree upon their own resources, and are liable to be estimated by others according to real rather than relative values. It is then that, in well-filled country-houses or in large travelling parties, social verdicts press heavily upon the sensitive. The despotism of the likings and dislikings of society in the field of civil liberty has long ago been amply discussed by Mr. Mill. But there are other fields where, though the area is more circumscribed, the despotism is not less real.

Some natures are so keenly sensitive to the personal opinion held of them by the merest chance acquaintances, as to suffer considerable vicissitudes of pleasure or pain according to the verdicts given by such people even in things of very small moment. Lord Byron used to confess that the adverse opinion of the feeblest critic gave him more annoyance than the favourable opinion of the best gave him pleasure. To live thus is clearly to live under a tyrant's sway; and the nature of this dominion is easily traceable in common life. The tyrant of personal estimation succeeds admirably in creating a conventional uniformity, but this is too often done at the cost of a desolation. Take the instance of conversation. One very common obstacle in the way of conversation rising above the level of gossip is the fear of adverse opinion which might be incurred if a serious remark were ventured or an argument undertaken. Gossip is all very well in its way; as a means of filling up interstices it is indispensable; even when it assumes a strongly personal form there is no harm in it, provided that good-nature underlies and a spice of wit or humour relieves it; but as a staple of conversation at all times and seasons there is no greater weariness to the flesh and spirit. Yet we all know how hard it is to make people come out from behind that species of entrenchment, to induce them as it were to cease from dodging behind that sheltering tree and to face the antagonist in *bond fide* conversation. Sometimes a general unwillingness to be thought ready to undertake grave subjects at all, and more often a reluctance to advocate some particular view, through fear of the consequences arising from opinion, keeps people—and keeps ladies more especially—from contributing as their capabilities would warrant them in doing to the interchange of thought; and, having depressed conversation to the level of mere talking, it retains it there. And the difference between hours of chit-chat and rare minutes of genuine conversation is too well known to those who have to meet the formidable tasks entailed by afternoon calls and garden-parties:—

Not more distinct from harmony divine,
The constant breaking of a country sign.

Personal discomfort, then, and intellectual and social loss are among the direct results of attaching an excessive weight to the opinion entertained of us by those among whom we are thrown. There can be small doubt, in the mind of any one who looks below the surface in society, that vast numbers of people live in habitual subjection to the bondage thus entailed. They live mutilated lives, speak mutilated utterances, and achieve mutilated actions, and all owing to this unfortunate and widely-operating cause.

That external opinion should exert some influence, however, on everybody is no less reasonable than it is inevitable. It is inevitable because, on almost all the points that come within the range of social criticism, nothing but unusual obstinacy or conceit can ensure certainty within the mind of the person concerned, and there arises therefore an instinctive wish to test one's own opinion by that of others. The remark is made by Pascal that, when a man is straight-limbed, it affords him no real annoyance to hear himself called a deformed being, because the evidence of the senses is on his own side, and he enjoys the certainty of knowing that the imputation is a mistake. But to be told that one is a poor reasoner, or deficient in imagination, or ill-informed—when a man is conscious that he has *some* claims at any rate for the credit both of capacity and information, but is not quite sure how far those claims are valid—is a distinct vexation, and for this reason (according to Pascal), that the person concerned cannot be absolutely certain that the adverse opinion is a wrong one. He no longer has the senses on his side, but only certain intellectual inferences, in making which he feels that he may have been biased in his own favour. Thus it is that so many sensitive people have an inner voice of misgiving about their powers which operates in painful unison with an unfavourable verdict from without. Not so much the review in the *Quarterly*

as the terrible agreement between the outspoken critique and the insidious self-mistrust which was his daily torment, gave the death-blow to the feeble health of Keats. And there are plenty of embodied *Quarterlies* in private life, whose verdicts are in their degree things to be really weighed and dreaded. That these private records of judgment should be both made and heeded is, as we have said, inevitable. It is rational to attach a certain degree of weight to them because, in matters which are essentially uncertain or contain elements of uncertainty, they supplement and correct our ignorance of ourselves. The heaven-descended injunction to "know thyself" was never more imperatively appropriate than it is now in modern society. Education, especially of women, is so seldom harmonious and complete, that people often come to years of discretion with an ignorance of themselves which is both absolute and relative. Absolute, as their own aptitudes, powers, tastes, and experiences are matters imperfectly known and understood by themselves; relative, as they have never, or only occasionally and imperfectly, measured themselves against the standard of others. To correct isolation of this kind, nothing is more salutary than to be subjected to the verdict of other people, and the more diverse from ourselves the better. In short, to get at their point of view is the only way to "see ourselves as others see us," though to resign or be driven away from one's own point is to abandon one's individuality and to begin the slavery of conventionalism. Public schools, affording as they do a sort of miniature resemblance to phases of life in the wider area of society, supply perhaps the most complete examples of the salutary, as well as of the excessive and morbid, influence of personal opinion upon character. No more subtle description of public schools, and none more comprehensive, was ever given than when Crabbe called them

Those seats and sources of both good and ill,
By what they cure in boys and what they kill.

The same double possibility meets one at every turn in the school of society. The social verdict there also kills as well as cures, cures as well as kills; it is a mixture of loss and gain, of advantage and disadvantage; it sometimes lops and prunes a life into a more regulated but not less abundant luxuriance, and sometimes it strikes with paralysis and decay.

Personal verdicts are not the less formidable for being notoriously and very generally made on first impressions. Men have no liking for formal inference in judging of acquaintances, and as for women they will have nothing whatever to say to it. They fall back on the faculty of which Dr. Newman has lately given so careful an analysis. They judge by the "illative sense." They decide by a cumulation of minute evidence, observed and noted down with keenness and rapidity, sometimes almost unconsciously. Social verdicts so formed are often wonderfully exact. Quick original powers and much practice produce in some people a near approach to infallibility, only forfeited by mistakes incurred through over-confidence, which a long series of correct decisions has almost justified.

It says not a little for society, that to win a favourable social verdict in any decent and cultivated circle is, in most instances, very nearly the same thing as to deserve it. It is written in *Lothair* that no one can discharge the duties of a successful host who does not combine the good qualities of heart and head. And the same requisites are essential, in the main, to gain or to retain the real and highest favour of society in any capacity. A bad man may by accident create a temporary *furore*, and a dolt may for various reasons and for a limited time obtain the show of hands in a particular set. But, in general and in the long run, the right estimation goes to the right people, and the best are known for the best. The highest kind of social worth is closely allied to good breeding; it is in fact good breeding with something added; and, as has been finely said of perfect style, it "makes itself felt by the skill with which it effaces itself, and masters us at last with a sense of indefinable completeness." A life that is true and simple, which is as much as to say that it is pure as well, often results in a personality that acts as if with a mesmeric spell upon its own social circle, whether small or large. Good looks, of course, enjoy an enormous advantage. But, with such a character as that just hinted at, even the most inferior looks can never be sinister or mean, and at the worst they are pretty sure to be redeemed by the magic of expression. On the whole, we shall not be far wrong in saying, that the social verdicts which we have been discussing require more elements to secure them than might at first be supposed, but that these elements lie fairly within the possibilities of every one's reach.

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.

THE Wellington Monument at St. Paul's is a disagreeable and discreditable matter from first to last. Let us state the facts with all impartiality. In 1856 Parliament voted 20,000*l.* for the monument. In 1858 a competition of artists was invited, and in that year Mr. Alfred Stevens was appointed to execute the monument according to a design exhibited by him in competition. This design was a very elaborate work, after the *motif* of the Scaligeri monuments at Verona. It was a composition of architecture and sculpture some thirty feet high, and consisted of a columnar structure in three stories, two effigies, several groups of sculpture, and a profusion of decorations in bronze. The 20,000*l.* was allotted in various sums. 11,000*l.*

was assigned to the monument; and it was proposed that certain subsidiary works should be assigned to Messrs. Marshall and Woodington, and to the decoration of the chapel in which the monument was to be erected. Mr. Stevens declined to erect the monument for 11,000*l.*, as it had been designed for 20,000*l.*, the Parliamentary estimate, but he agreed to do it for 15,000*l.*, which he was subsequently induced to reduce to 14,000*l.* At this price Mr. Stevens undoubtedly consented to erect the monument. It does not appear that he was tied to any time, but he was, in addition to the monument itself, bound to construct a full-size model. This arrangement of the model was perfectly ridiculous from the first. The model was to be set up in the Cathedral only for the purpose of being taken down again. This absurd condition appears to have been waived, and the model was set up in Mr. Stevens's studio. But it was only after nine years that this model was completed; and it was not until 1867 that the monument *in situ* was actually commenced. Towards the end of last year it appears that Mr. Stevens had received 12,466*l.* on account of the work, and that at the present moment only a portion of the architectural work has been actually erected, the purely sculptural work of the canopy, effigy and groups to be executed in bronze only existing in moulds. The marble for nearly the whole work is, however, in hand. The upshot is undoubtedly that Mr. Stevens contracted twelve years ago to complete the monument for 14,000*l.*; that he has already received 13,000*l.*; and that the work is, we will not say only half done, but that it is most seriously incomplete, and that, as things stood a month or two ago, there seemed to be scarcely a slight chance of its being erected at all. So much for Mr. Stevens.

There is another party concerned. Mr. Penrose is Surveyor to St. Paul's Cathedral, and, holding that office, he was entrusted by the Board of Works with the duty of superintending the work of the monument, and from time to time certifying the amounts to be paid to Mr. Stevens. No contract was entered into with Mr. Penrose, and it comes out that he has not received a shilling on account of the superintendence which he has given to the monument. It is undeniable, however, that he has certified for all the payments made on account to Mr. Stevens. As might have been expected, remonstrances were urged by the Board of Works from time to time against the delay; but without much result. Recently, however, under Mr. Ayrton's rule, the Board has certainly bestirred itself. Mr. Ayrton sent down two gentlemen, neither of whom are either architects or sculptors—Mr. Galton, Director of Works and an engineer, and a surveyor, Mr. Hunt, who has, we make no doubt, had great experience in "taking out quantities" and estimating masons' and carpenters' work—to inspect the works already executed, and to report on the cost and likelihood of completing them. They estimate the cost of completing the monument, according to Mr. Stevens's design, at 15,000*l.*; that is, for the work which Mr. Stevens contracted to execute, but has not executed. Whereupon Mr. Ayrton proceeds to a stroke of very summary justice. He dismisses Mr. Penrose; he rescinds the contract with Mr. Stevens; and declares, not only in his communications to those gentlemen, but in his place in Parliament, that he—or, as he more euphemistically expresses it, "the Crown"—intends to prosecute both Mr. Stevens and Mr. Penrose; the one for direct breach of contract, the other for some crime not specified, but which, we suppose, is to resolve itself into a charge of corruptly certifying for payments to Mr. Stevens for work which was never executed. This of course is all very well, very high-handed, and exhibits a noble sense of severe justice. Mr. Ayrton is quite the man to get his pound of flesh if the culprit has contracted to give the pound of flesh. The Board of Works and other First Commissioners have been considerate, long-suffering, patient, and merciful, and therefore weak and incapable. Mr. Ayrton is not as other First Commissioners; his more sublime and awful vocation is to punish the guilty. These are good and great motives; but they may co-exist with other tempers and dispositions. Mr. Ayrton is going to immolate two artists by way of encouraging all other artists and vindicating British justice and fostering British art. Mr. Ayrton has announced his view of adileship, and his estimate of art and artists. Art is a mere illusion as regards the higher functions of man, and merely a trade like market-gardening; artists are nothing better than hucksters, and must and shall be kept to their bargains like other tradesmen. A contract with an artist is as a bargain with a shoemaker; it must be kept. Mr. Ayrton has perhaps the letter of the law with him; as to the spirit, that is not in Mr. Ayrton's way. He has already shown his vigour by dismissing Mr. Barry. He now gets rid of Mr. Stevens and Mr. Penrose, and goes to law with them to show his estimate of artistic humbug generally, and also to show that he will stand no nonsense. Then Mr. Stevens happens to be a person of very remarkable talents, though poor and struggling sculptor. His design for the Wellington Monument happens to be one of rare merit, and is a work of very high art. Mr. Penrose happens to be a gentleman of the very highest education, an academic of repute, and a student and illustrator of the very purest period of Greek art; and in addition to refined culture and a modest temper, he is a most unworldly and uncalculating person. These are quite the materials for "the noble savage" to execute a Jehu-like zeal upon. This zeal will doubtless find defenders, but, without attempting to exonerate Mr. Stevens and Mr. Penrose, scarcely venturing to extenuate the present state of things, we must, as bystanders, make some observations in the public interest.

And first we will venture to remark that prosecutions of artists

for delaying the execution of commissions will not meet with public approval. Artists are, unfortunately, not like other people; especially are they unlike Mr. Ayrton. Other First Commissioners were as much annoyed as all the world is at the delay occasioned by Mr. Stevens. But they knew that a fine work of art was at stake, and they were patient. Besides this, they were gentlemen. Lord John Manners, Mr. Cowper Temple, and Mr. Layard, being gentlemen, knew how to deal with gentlemen, even though they are bad managers. Mr. Ayrton's predecessors made allowances for the caprices and instability and unbusiness-like character of artists. They were patient about Landseer and his lions. Vasari's Lives alone will show how unmanageable, how dilatory, how deficient in common sense artists always are and always will be. These matters are nothing to the like of Mr. Ayrton. He considers a work of art as a thing to be done at so much a yard; an artist as a journeyman. He is going to make "new arrangements"; perhaps he will entrust the completion of the Wellington Monument to the mason of the Tower Hamlets Cemetery or to some intelligent hewer of stone who keeps an *atelier* in the New Road. But this is not what we want. This is not to do honour to the memory of the "Great Duke." We must say that, in the public interest, we want Mr. Stevens's design executed by Mr. Stevens, however much we may have to complain of Mr. Stevens. It is an innovation on public monuments. It is an artistic composition which may begin a new era—a very different thing from the old sculptors' groups in St. Paul's—Valour embracing the Duke, and Britannia leering piously to the clouds, with the British Lion fondling the hero's boots. That Mr. Stevens's design has saved the country from Marochetti's proposed abomination, makes us look at even his shortcomings and undoubted faults with tenderness, and almost forgiveness.

The real secret of the whole matter is that Mr. Stevens's original contract to erect the monument for 14,000*l.* was a mistake almost amounting to a crime. And here we must attach censure to everybody concerned. Blame to Mr. Stevens for professing to be able to do what from the first he ought to have known that he never could do; blame to Mr. Penrose for not speaking out plainly and decidedly what he only seems to have hinted—namely, Mr. Stevens's inability to do what he had bargained to do; blame to the Board of Works for not having possessed themselves of these facts. No doubt Mr. Stevens may plead his poverty, which compelled him to take other commissions to keep himself from starving, and may thus account for his scandalous delay, and he may plead his zeal and love for art, which prompted him to attempt the impossible, that is, to execute for 14,000*l.* a work which he had unquestionably designed for 20,000*l.*; and if it shall be said that there is no proof that it was all along impossible to erect the monument for 14,000*l.*, we need only appeal to Mr. Ayrton's own referees, Messrs. Galton and Hunt. They say that at the present moment, with the work half done—which, calculating the cost of the materials in hand, we may assume—it will cost 15,000*l.* to complete the marble work and moulds and models and to execute the bronze work, that is, to do what Mr. Stevens has not done. If, therefore, according to Messrs. Galton and Hunt, it will take 15,000*l.* to execute *half* the work, how in the name of common sense and common fairness could, according to Mr. Ayrton and his advisers, the *whole* work have been executed for 14,000*l.*, saddled moreover with the addition of at least 2,000*l.* for the full-sized model, which the Board of Works imposed on Mr. Stevens, and the cost of which he never contemplated? One thing Mr. Ayrton and his surveyors prove to demonstration, that Mr. Stevens's original contract for 14,000*l.* for the model and completed monument was simply ridiculous; and in their anxiety to make out a case against Mr. Stevens—and they have a case—they prove too much.

In conclusion, we may say what the First Commissioner ought to have done. We make no doubt that Mr. Ayrton was perfectly justified in instituting a stringent investigation. *Prima facie* there is everything against Mr. Stevens; but while Mr. Stevens is to be blamed for his reticence as to the real facts of the case, he may say justly that he has not been allowed an opportunity to meet the report of Messrs. Galton and Hunt. That report was received by Mr. Ayrton, but not, as far as we know, communicated to Mr. Stevens or Mr. Penrose. Mr. Stevens ought to have had the opportunity of meeting the surveyors' assertion, that it would take 15,000*l.* to complete the monument. It may turn out that Mr. Stevens or Mr. Penrose might say, and perhaps with truth, that half that sum, or at any rate much less than 15,000*l.*, would complete it. Moreover, Mr. Ayrton was obliged to own that he had suppressed some of the documents, and that some letters from Mr. Stevens and Mr. Penrose had been excluded from the blue-book. There is an absence, not only of courtesy—which was to be expected, of course, from Mr. Ayrton dealing only with gentlemen and artists, which Mr. Stevens and Mr. Penrose unfortunately are—but of fair dealing in damaging and prosecuting two men on an information and estimate which they have never had an opportunity of meeting. What ought to have been done, what still might be done, is this. Let the work executed and the materials in hand be fairly appraised by independent referees. Let allowance be made, not for the time wasted by Mr. Stevens, but for the cost of the model, for preparing the design, and for the time which the works executed have cost him; let Mr. Stevens show what he has actually expended in materials, in wages, and in work. Let other sculptors or experts say whether Mr. Stevens's design could or could not under any circumstances have been executed for 14,000*l.* If it can be shown that Mr. Stevens has received 13,000*l.* for actual work which has

not cost him seven, eight, or ten or twelve thousand pounds, and that he has corruptly taken large sums for work not done, let him be prosecuted by all means. But if Mr. Stevens can show that as things stand he has received absolutely nothing for himself, there is a plea *ad misericordiam* which the public may accept. Mr. Stevens may have been very unwise all along, he may have miscalculated even to a culpable extent, he may be charged with too much zeal and credited with no discretion, he may very properly be blamed for preferring the honour and credit of executing a fine work of art to common-sense considerations; but he will be discharged from the imputation of dishonesty. As regards Mr. Penrose, the only charge against a man who has never been paid a penny for twelve years' disagreeable work, and is perhaps out of pocket by it, is that he has been too considerate to a struggling, shy, sensitive, and unpractical artist, and from an excess of good temper and high, if misplaced, feeling has failed to compel both Mr. Stevens and the Board of Works to look facts fairly in the face. And as regards the estimate of 15,000*l.* still—according to Messrs. Galton and Hunt—required for the completion of the monument, we say, first, that opportunity ought to have been given to the parties most concerned to test this estimate; or if such opportunity has been given, that such statements on the part of Messrs. Penrose and Stevens should be at once produced as a mere matter of justice to these gentlemen; and we say further, that if it should turn out that this larger estimate of 15,000*l.* is at all in excess of what is really required, a suspicion will arise of an impending job somewhere. Can it be that it is considered by somebody, some department, or some authority, that 15,000*l.* for the completion of the Wellington Monument would be no unlucky, however unexpected and not altogether unprofitable, commission?

THE ABYSSINIAN BILL OF COSTS.

THE Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Abyssinian Expedition is a very inadequate result of the time and labour occupied in an inquiry which extended over two Sessions. There was a blue-book of considerable size last year, and there will be another blue-book this year which will contain the evidence taken during twenty-one sittings of the Committee. But this second blue-book will be almost too big for anybody to read, and thus an elaborate inquiry into matters of the highest national importance will be rendered nearly nugatory. The Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Candlish, did indeed take the trouble to epitomize the evidence in a draft Report containing 153 paragraphs, but as the Report actually adopted contains only eleven paragraphs, the Chairman's industry was in great part wasted. It may be useful perhaps to look through this draft Report, remembering that it is no more than the Chairman's view of the evidence given before the Committee.

The purchases of animals in Europe were improvident. A contract was entered into by the War Office with a City firm for the supply, and delivery at ports in the Mediterranean, of an indefinite number of Spanish mules at an indefinite price. The only defined terms of the contract were that the contractors should buy as cheaply as they could, and should receive from 8*l.* to 9*l.* per head in addition to the purchasing price, to cover commission and cost of delivery at the port of shipment. The improvident nature of this contract was speedily recognised, and it was soon terminated, but not until 1,100 animals had been purchased, at a cost, including commission, of 30*l.* per head. Many of the animals purchased under this contract were inferior to those purchased directly by the War Office at rather more than half the price. This contract entailed a loss of probably not less than 20,000*l.* The total number of animals landed in Abyssinia was 36,094. The total number re-embarked was only 7,421. The total number destroyed or abandoned was therefore 28,673. Estimating the average value of an animal landed in Abyssinia at 40*l.*, an expenditure is thus shown of 1,147,000*l.* The appointment of an officer called the Controller of Supply and Transport appears to have had no effect whatever in restraining this enormous waste. The officer who held this appointment did not advance into the interior, being ordered to remain on the seaboard, and thus, according to his own account, he was unable to perform his duties. The expenditure was to be under his control, but he did not control it. Documents and accounts were to be rendered to him, but he never received them. He was to be the only channel of unregulated expenditure, but he in no way superintended or sanctioned purchases. He was to report to the Government, but he had nothing to report, and he finally came home without any official documents whatever. When he took a particular step in discharge of what he believed to be his duty, he was informed that the General considered the step premature. Thus, says Mr. Candlish, it would appear either that the appointment of the Controller of Supply and Transport was unnecessary, or that the manner in which he was ignored and superseded was unjustifiable.

It is to be regretted that the Committee, as distinguished from the Chairman, did not take the trouble to express opinions on the many important questions which arose upon the evidence to which they listened. The success of the expedition was complete, but it was obtained at a cost which would forbid its repetition on a larger scale. Supplies were sent to the army of Abyssinia on the basis of what it was desirable to have, and not of what it would

be found practicable to carry. Upwards of 35,000 tons of forage were shipped for Abyssinia, of which quantity only 7,000 tons, or one-fifth, were consumed or abandoned. The other four-fifths remained on board ship, and most of the cargoes were never touched at all. Notwithstanding this accumulation of forage, large purchases were made both in Egypt and India down to the time of the taking of Magdala. Duplicate supplies of many articles were sent from England and India, but this perhaps may be regarded as a pardonable excess of prudence. The military departments were so severely blamed for defects of supply in the Crimea that it is not wonderful if they have shown a tendency on subsequent occasions towards the opposite extreme. But as regards forage the profusion of supply is difficult to excuse. It could not be consumed on the seaboard; and it could not be carried into the interior, because the animals which carried it would have consumed their own burdens before they had got across the desert. It was a matter of no little surprise to Mr. Candlish, and we may add to ourselves, to learn that the Home Government had sent 38 tons of rice and sugar to India. This performance seems to be the nearest imitation of sending coals to Newcastle that has ever been practically made. A notice inviting tenders for European hay to be sent in by the 1st of January was posted at the Consulate at Suez on the 21st of December, and appeared in the newspapers of Alexandria on the 28th of December, which was of course too late to enable the Alexandrian merchants to compete. To invite tenders for hay at Suez sounds like a dismal joke. However, hay was procured at a heavy cost, and at a heavier cost it was got rid of. The carriage of hay back to India, instead of destroying it on the spot, was an example of the process of throwing good money after bad. The extravagance of our Government is sufficiently alarming, but its economy is ruinous. The loss on medicines is placed at 35,829*l.*, and this loss was probably inevitable, as it would not have answered to dose the soldiers on the supposition that if they did not want medicine then they might want it at some future time. It is stated that 440 tons of compressed forage, which cost about 13*l.* 15*s.* per ton in England, were sold for 17*l.* 1*s.* per ton in Alexandria, were sent home at a freight of 17*s.* 6*d.* per ton, and were sold at Liverpool at 6*l.* or 7*l.* per ton. This is one of many examples in which public loss turned to private gain. The total cost of tonnage employed on this expedition reached the enormous sum of 4,000,000*l.* Vessels obtained for a few months' hire cost, in some cases, four times their market value. Thus the *Continental*, an old American-built sailing ship of 1,464 tons, without any character, and whose value therefore did not exceed 4*l.* per ton, or say, 6,000*l.*, received for 9*l.* 6*s.* months' hire 24,000*l.*, or four times her value. Three hospital ships, which cost for freight 135,123*l.*, were sold on their return for 50,000*l.* A vessel belonging to the Bombay and Bengal Steam Navigation Company was chartered at Bombay at 4*l.* per ton per month. Some weeks afterwards the same vessel was chartered at Calcutta at 5*l.* The agency of the representative of the Company at Bombay was repudiated, and the vessel was paid for at the higher rate. Thus the Governments of Bombay and Calcutta competed with one another for this vessel. The supply of hay which under no circumstances could have been needed was kept on board ship at an expense of 125,000*l.* per month. The hire of hospital ships amounted to 126,123*l.*, and it is now admitted that disused line-of-battle ships would have been more convenient and far less costly. A proposal to employ the Indian troop-ships in the conveyance of troops to Abyssinia was negatived by Government, although Mr. Candlish considers that it was judicious and economical. He calculates that at least one million of money was unnecessarily expended upon tonnage. The wisdom of the proceedings adopted for the supply of coals to the Expedition seems to Mr. Candlish exceedingly doubtful. Nearly 15,000 tons of coal were sent by steam-ships to the Cape of Good Hope and Ascension. The freight to the Cape was usually about 4*l.* 10*s.* per ton, while in sailing vessels it would have been 2*l.* per ton. These extra prices were paid for conveyance by steamers, on the supposition that coal would be wanted at the Cape for the use of transports on their way from England to India. It is probable that the transports could have received on board enough coal to carry them to India, and it is certain that at the close of the Expedition 11,000 tons of coal lay at the Cape of Good Hope unused. The conclusion of Mr. Candlish from all these and many other examples of profuse expenditure is that a more perfect business organization should be worked into our military system. We agree entirely in desiring a combination of efficiency and economy; but we do not expect to see it. A more limited and practical suggestion is that the engineering department of the army should be trained and prepared to construct military railways. Another is, that the heads of various departments should meet and consult at a Board instead of corresponding.

It seems a pity that this draft Report of Mr. Candlish should not receive the publicity which it deserves as a contribution to recent history. We assume that his statements are supported by the evidence to which he refers, and the opinions which he expresses furnish useful matter for discussion. If we can only make successful war in the manner described in the blue-books of this Committee, it is manifest that military glory is a luxury in which we can afford to indulge but rarely. It would have been satisfactory to have had the judgment of the Committee on the matters referred to them; but this, we suppose, was impossible at so late a period of the Session as they had reached while yet considering their

Report. They were appointed to inquire into the causes of the excess of cost of the war over the estimate, but although they did inquire into this subject at great length, they have only reported in a few paragraphs that the so-called estimate laid before the House of Commons was not an estimate at all. In February 1868 the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated in the House "that he had no reason to believe that the estimate had been exceeded." The only estimate then before the House was 4,000,000*l.*, assuming the war to be carried on to the end of April. In the month of April a new Chancellor of the Exchequer estimated the total expenditure at 5,000,000*l.*, supposing that the Expedition left Abyssinia by the end of May. The last man of the Expedition had left Aden Bay before the month of June was out, and the total cost has been ascertained by the Committee to be 3,800,000*l.* We are now told that it was impossible to give any estimate for such a service, and that in fact none was ever intended to be given. This is all that the Committee have to tell us at the conclusion of an elaborate inquiry.

AN AMERICAN MANUAL OF ETIQUETTE.

THE common manuals of etiquette have been often ridiculed without effect. The people who read the books and the people who read the criticisms upon the books belong to widely separated classes. But we have lately seen a book which aspires to a higher level. "It attempts to raise the subject of which it treats to its proper connexion with health, morals, and good taste." We think that any such attempt must necessarily fail. The author has avoided some of the flagrant absurdities of his predecessors, but we entirely disbelieve in the possibility of teaching good manners from a manual. Indeed such a book is useless except as an indication of the character of the American society for which it purports to have been written. But for this purpose such a book is valuable. We observe that the author chooses to speak not of gentleman and lady, but of cavalier and dame. He indicates with delicate reserve the defects of look and manner prevalent among his countrywomen. Americans of both sexes are inclined, as we know, to leanness. As this author politely says, there are some charming women who, though endowed with every other personal attraction, are destitute of that fulness essential to the perfection of the female form. He advises these ladies, instead of grieving over an organic defect and resorting to useless and injurious means to remedy it, to console themselves with their natural fitness of structure and lightness of movement, and the use of such resources as are furnished by skilful toilet. Translated into plain language, ladies who have the misfortune to be scraggy are advised to have recourse to padding. They may also try regular habits and a generous diet as a means of gaining flesh. Ladies and gentlemen alike are desired to take notice that the use of a comb, or even its habitual carriage in the pocket, is irreconcilable with all nicety of manners, as we think it is. The English books on etiquette are sufficiently absurd, but we do not remember meeting in any one of them with a suggestion of the possibility of finding "decent people" deliberately combing themselves at a table common to many guests. We are tempted to ask, if this be decency, what must be indecency in America? The young lady who was reported to have said that she danced the polka till she had not a dry thread about her becomes a possible character in a society which produces readers of a treatise on decorum. It may gratify English vanity to observe that, while the young ladies of America receive severe censure from this author, the young ladies of England are charged with no worse offence against decorum than that of supping heartily upon Stilton cheese and bottled stout. The English aristocracy are praised for their composed manner, and we are quite willing to concede to an author who speaks of English society so handsomely that when Washington Irving went to sleep at an English dinner-party the cause may have been the stupidity of the party and not the rudeness of Irving.

It seems strange that anybody should write a book in order to tell people that they ought not to take more than one plate of soup at dinner or two cups of coffee at breakfast. This author inculcates the use of the "slop bowl" for rinsing out cups, as if it were not a usual Republican institution. Fastidious people do not like to see the dregs of their first cup floating in their second. They object also to your helping yourself to sugar with your fingers. The custom of placing a whole loaf of bread upon the breakfast-table was introduced by Queen Victoria. There is a large knife to cut pieces from the loaf, but your own piece of bread must be broken, and not cut. The appetite of a healthy person in the morning is brisk, but "somewhat unsophisticated." Among food proper for breakfast, "a conscientiously-made sausage" is mentioned. These big words are perhaps agreeable to the same taste which delights to talk of cavaliers and dames. But when the author enumerates among deformities "an eviscerated mouth," we begin to think that he emulates Mrs. Malaprop. Of late years luncheon has been dignified as a ceremonious repast. The men of business—for the author does not here speak of cavaliers—have no time for social converse at midday, so they content themselves with "alings" and "chowder." But the dames receive one another at formal luncheon, where the wine and liqueur decanters are beginning to circulate with undesirable freedom. The unpleasant features of English society are all faithfully represented in this book, and it seems that Americans have

invented many vulgarisms and barbarisms for themselves. It appears that both nations still practise the absurdity of writing an invitation in English, and adding to it "R.S.V.P." It is customary to request either the pleasure or the honour of a person's company to dinner, but we are left wholly without guidance as to when we ought to ask for the pleasure and when for the honour of a visit. "Very fashionable people" have a footman at the door of their drawing-room to announce the guests as they arrive. At table the cavaliers and dames ought to be placed alternately, "provided the sexual proportions of the parties allow of such an arrangement." In one respect the American practice differs from ours, and conforms to that of France; to which, however, ours is gravitating. The ladies and gentlemen quit the dinner-table simultaneously, and return to the drawing-room for tea and coffee. Here the guests do not usually sit down, for, as the author finely says, "it is but a ceremony in an incipient state of dissolution." Readers perhaps may be disposed to wish that the ceremony called a dinner-party in England could get itself into an incipient state of dissolution rather earlier than it does. When a ball is given in America it is usual to provide a dressing-room for gentlemen, and it is not very unusual for gentlemen to remain in this room smoking cigars without paying that attention which could be desired to the "sexual proportions" of the entertainment. We are happy to observe that this author has one vulgarity less than his English brethren, as he does not speak of "mutual" but of "common" friends. He has, however, many more vulgarisms than we could wish. His book was originally published at New York, and amid the rich commercial society of that place his censures are perhaps applicable and his admonitions useful. He takes credit to himself and his readers for a refinement which is more distressing than vulgarity. We do not feed ourselves with the point of our knives. We do not eat our fish with a steel fork. We keep our persons clean, &c. &c. Speaking for ourselves, we prefer, when we can find it, a society where such things are not talked about. It is usual in England to take for granted cleanliness of habits, as well as honesty in men and chastity in women. Here and there occurs a passage of which the vulgarity is atrocious:—

As we stood admiring that most perfect conception of female grace, the Venus of Milo, in the Louvre, we took from the fair woman hanging to our arm her pocket-handkerchief, and made a comparative measurement of the ancient and modern beauties.

No quantity of books upon decorum can prevent the admirers of such writing as this from being essentially vulgar, and the author's condemnation of many social faults of his countrymen and women only renders his toleration of others a more alarming symptom. He says that there are fast women everywhere, but the fast girl seems to be more particularly an American product. Again, he says that the unmarried American woman is discerned at once by the freedom of her manners. It is, in his opinion, a paltry ambition, and not without risk to virtue, to aspire to the distinction of being pointed out as the "low-necked" Bell Smith or the "high-stepping" Fanny Jones, or the girl who drank a whole bottle of champagne, or she who smoked a fifty-cent regalia. These, or the improprieties they may symbolize, are too common to be considered any longer eccentricities. They are indeed fast becoming such prevalent characteristics as to mark the type of the young girl of fashion. Her essential defect is a vulgar ambition for notoriety. She will endure anything but obscurity, and therefore she takes care that she is seen, heard, and talked about by all the world. Her dress is accordingly flaunting, her voice loud, her words slangy, her eye staring, her manners obtrusive, and her conduct audaciously irregular. If an English writer had described American women in terms at all approaching the severity of this passage, he would be accused of exciting international animosity. But here we have the Americans painted, perhaps with some exaggeration, by themselves. The conception of the possibility of the existence of a high-stepping Fanny Jones or a low-necked Bell Smith is enough to condemn the society in which they might be found as vulgar beyond the reach of manuals of etiquette. Such books may perhaps alter external habits, but they cannot reach internal nature. If we were to take this book as an authority, we should say that the commercial aristocracy of New York was incurably vulgar. People who grow rich in London usually struggle with more or less success to get into society which they think better than that in which they were born. We laugh at the absurdities often exhibited in these attempts, but they are on the whole beneficial to those who make them. The vulgarity of the London tradesman is for the most part offensive and without hope of mitigation. The people who keep shops, unless they keep the largest class of shops, are excluded from the society of the people who do not keep shops, and their manners are therefore formed entirely in their own circle. The daughters of a thriving tradesman may be sent to a good school, where they acquire a polish which soon rubs off when they are returned to their homes and hear the conversation of their brothers and receive the attentions of their brothers' friends. The sons of a thriving tradesman are perhaps the most offensive animals in creation. They are incurable, unmitigated snobs. But the commercial class in London which does not keep shops finds as it grows rich opportunities of entering society which is able to avoid vulgarity without the help of manuals. And unfortunately there is very little of such society in New York. This at least seems to be a fair inference from the publication of a book upon decorum.

PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN ART.

IT has been said, with some truth, that art is the bloom of decay. There are two senses in which this may be understood, political and religious. The zenith of Athenian art coincided with the decay of political power; and in modern Europe the highest artistic rank has been attained by that country which was popularly said, till lately, to be a "geographical expression," and which has over and over again been the battle-field but never the leader of the nations. Of ancient Rome, on the contrary, the poet's words were emphatically verified; her "arts" were those of conquest and of empire; what she borrowed in her later days from the conquered Greece never became more than an exotic growth, and served but to grace the decadence of her imperial might. There is, of course one obvious explanation of this phenomenon. A people whose energies are absorbed in political or military struggles lack both the time and the taste for artistic niceties; while it is natural, on the other hand, that where there is less of the stir and grandeur of national life, intellectual and artistic cultivation should be more eagerly pursued as the resource of faculties that might otherwise lie dormant. This is no doubt, for instance, one reason why German scholarship and literature are in many departments so far superior to our own. But there must be some other explanation of the fact, if such it be, of religious art—and art has been in all ages closely dependent on religion—illustrating the decay rather than the vigour of religious faith. To a certain extent this is especially true of ancient art. The oldest and most profoundly revered images of the gods were little more than hideous blocks. The beautiful creations of Phidias or Praxiteles were admired, but not worshipped, by a people who, to say the least, sat very loosely to their mythological belief. Mr. Ruskin has a remark somewhere about Christian art, which points in the same direction. He says that, so far as he has observed, the pictures which excite popular devotion are invariably staring daubs, while the masterpieces of Raffaello or Perugino are gazed at with critical appreciation by the cultivated few, and neither appreciated nor revered by the vulgar. So much as this may at least be admitted in either case, that art is necessarily self-conscious, whereas the natural atmosphere of devotion is unconscious awe. It was not till they had begun to theorize about their gods that the Greeks could make elaborate sculptures of them; and, with a polytheistic religion, to theorize means to rationalize. This need not, of course, be the case with Christianity. Frescoes of the "Good Shepherd," and other typical subjects of Christian teaching, were traced on the walls of the Catacombs in the ages of martyrdom. Yet we can hardly conceive, under any circumstances, the "Transfiguration" or the "Sistine Madonna" being painted in those days of early faith. It is not simply that the genius for it was wanting, but that, if there, it would have been differently employed. That profound sense of the unseen which made the beings of another world almost a visible presence to the primitive Christian, and taught him to listen in each fresh political convulsion for the tokens of the approaching Judgment, could hardly consist with a minute attention to the details of artistic effect. There is a great step even from Fra Angelico to Raffaello, and we feel at once that the artist has triumphed over the saint.

But if in this respect there is some analogy, though it must not be pressed too far, between Christian and Pagan art, there are some very observable differences. The fact, which has so often been dwelt upon, that sculpture is the special glory of ancient, as painting is of modern, art, is at once suggestive of some deeper contrast than meets the eye at first sight. Many reasons may be given for the change. The higher and more scrupulous standard of purity introduced by the Gospel, and which shrank from the exhibition of the nude form, is of course one of them. Another may be found in the dread of a relapse into idolatry, which long exercised so marked an influence over ecclesiastical discipline and worship, and of which we have a permanent record in the prohibition of sculptured images, as distinguished from "icons," or pictures, still maintained in the Greek Church. But explanations of this kind evidently do not go to the root of the matter. An observation of Winckelmann's, quoted in Mr. Lecky's recent book, suggests what is probably the real solution of the problem. "The supreme beauty of Greek art," he very justly insists, "is male rather than female." Strength, freedom, masculine grace are its prominent characteristics. And this was only to be expected, for all genuine art is the expression of a moral ideal, and the moral ideal of Paganism in its best days was essentially masculine. Courage, independence, constancy, patriotism were the qualities it most highly honoured; the softer virtues of charity, gentleness, meekness, benevolence, kindness it either despised or ignored. Stoicism was the loftiest Pagan conception of excellence, and Cicero expressly distinguishes it from all other philosophical sects "as males differ from females." Christianity reversed all this. Without discrediting, at least directly, the masculine virtues, it gave a wholly unprecedented importance to the feminine type of goodness. Compare the Beatitudes with the moral standard of Stoicism, or of the best classical literature, whether poetry or prose, and they read almost like an explicit condemnation of it. Of all the qualities which Christ pronounced "blessed," there is not one which the Pagan ideal would recognise as virtuous; there is more than one which it would reject as simply contemptible. And the ethical ideal in either case inspired the artistic. Sculpture was instinctively chosen by the Greeks as best suited to the expression of masculine grace. There was a further reason, partly

growing out of the former, which we cannot do more than allude to here, though it cannot be passed over. The public games and the exercises of the palestra, which accustomed the Greeks to the habitual contemplation of naked figures, tended to foster the masculine ideal of beauty and the peculiar forms of vice with which it was connected in the ancient world. And the taste thus generated sought both expression and aliment in contemporary art. The type both of courage and of passion which the Greeks desired especially to idealize is sufficiently illustrated by the fact that the first statues erected by Athenians to their countrymen were those of Harmodius and Aristogiton. It is not a little curious that the type should have been so well preserved in the days of Rome's lowest moral degradation in the perfect purity of the Antinous.

The reasons which made sculpture the chosen vehicle of artistic utterance to the Pagan are precisely those which led Christian art to eschew it. It gave but inadequate scope for the expression of those virtues which Christian sentiment had learnt to canonize, and it suggested an ideal partly indifferent and partly abhorrent to the new religious sense. Painting, on the other hand, was admirably adapted for bringing out those feminine attributes of tenderness, purity, and patience which belonged to the Christian saint, and which mediæval piety found most perfectly embodied in the Virgin Mother. Take as typical instances the Sistine Madonna and the Belvedere Apollo. The one as completely satisfies the Pagan as the other satisfies the Christian ideal. Both in their respective ways are of matchless beauty, but the one expresses devoutness, the other strength. To the mediæval Catholic the Belvedere could be no more than a curiosity, and the Sistine Madonna would have been wholly unintelligible to Greek taste. It is a striking confirmation of this view that, so far as the artist is dominated by the Christian or the classical sentiment, does he fail to give expression to the other. Michael Angelo's representations of Our Lord in the Sistine Chapel are as conspicuous a failure as Perugino's frescoes of the ancient heroes and sages. His figure of Cato, says an observer, "almost approaches the type of St. John." Nor can it be accidental that a poet of our own days, whose artistic sympathies are intensely classical, also rebels fiercely against the ethical standard of Christianity. We may again borrow an illustration from ancient and modern poetry, where the same sort of difference reappears. With a few trifling exceptions, which only bring out the general fact more clearly, there is nothing tender or subjective in classical poetry. No single ancient poet ever dwells on his childhood, while scarcely any modern poet of note has failed to do so.

If we turn from sculpture and painting to architecture, we shall find something of the same contrast, though other considerations also come in, which it would take us too long to enter upon here. It may be true, as a great judge has said, that, properly speaking, "there are only two fine arts possible to the human race—sculpture and painting," and that "architecture is only the association of these in noble masses." But for practical convenience, at all events, it requires to be separately treated. And Gothic, which was the creation of mediæval Europe, may be fairly called the specifically Christian type of architecture, as bearing the intellectual impress of that period of modern history when men's minds were most exclusively and powerfully ruled by purely religious influences. Speaking broadly, then, we may say that size and symmetry are the dominant characteristics of the Grecian; delicacy, tenderness, and reverential awe, of the Gothic. The one is calculated to exhibit the greatness of man, and the other to suggest that there is a God above him; the one to rouse admiration and a feeling of pride, the other to inspire humility. It is quite in accordance with this, if the story is true, that Louis XIV., who was so great an admirer and promoter of the Renaissance style, should have expressed himself shocked at hearing that Christ spoke the language of the humble and poor. The heroes and philosophers of antiquity would have entirely agreed with him. We cannot carry out our comparison into its details here, but the low doors and lofty roofs, the elaborate carving, even where least likely to be seen, the disregard of mere symmetry, and the subdued light which are characteristic of Gothic churches, will illustrate our meaning. There is a further point to be borne in mind in reference both to Christian painting and architecture as distinguished from Pagan. The former was designed to teach, but not the latter. Greek art was indeed mostly religious, that is, consecrated to the commemoration of Gods or heroes; but, like the priesthood and worship of Paganism, it had no teaching office. Even under Judaism the functions of the priest and the prophet were kept separate, and the latter had no existence elsewhere in the ancient world. Christianity for the first time presented the priest and the preacher in the same person. And Christian art, from the rudest frescoes on the walls of the Catacombs to the most finished compositions of the great mediæval painters, was designed not simply to "charm," like the sculpture of the Phidian period, but also, or rather chiefly, "to strengthen and to teach." Painting is obviously more available for this purpose than sculpture. So far as ancient sculpture had any reflex action on popular morality, it would tend, as was observed just now, to foster the ethical conceptions which gave it birth. Painting and architecture in later times would do the same; but this kind of influence is probably much less widely felt than we are apt to imagine, and would be pretty well confined to the cultivated classes—the immense majority perhaps in ancient Athens, but a small minority in any modern State. It was by the personages, scenes, and stories represented that the picture and the painted window were expected to convey direct instruction to the multitude. What has

been the actual effect, both in nature and extent, of these appeals *oculis subiecta fidibus*, on the faith and devotion of Christendom, would be an interesting subject of inquiry for the historian of religion or of art. But the question has been so darkened and perplexed by the rival zealots of image worship and iconoclasm, from the days of Charlemagne downwards, that it is far from easy to disentangle fact from fiction, and arrive at the requisite data for a trustworthy decision.

REVIEWS.

GROTE'S EXAMINATION OF THE UTILITARIAN PHILOSOPHY.*

PROFESSOR GROTE was one of those whom, even when living, criticism is wont to treat with deference. Moderate and equitable in a rare degree himself, he shamed even reviewers into the adoption of the same demeanour towards him. Much more must a posthumous work, whilst his loss is still recent, impose the same considerateness upon his critics. If there is one topic of moral speculation which has always been provocative of temper, it is that which is handled by Mr. Grote in the volume before us. The rudenesses of the Benthamite controversy may have been toned down in recent times, yet Mr. Mill can recollect the day when the taunts which were employed against the Epicureans of old were thought legitimate against modern Utilitarians. Even Dr. Whewell's discussion of what he called "dependent morality" is vitiated by a strong admixture of the *odium ethicum*. Though the improved tone of modern polemics is undeniable, yet let Utilitarianism come upon the carpet, and it will be rare to find a writer of the opposite opinion whose temper is not thrown off its balance.

Hence the dispassionate calmness of Mr. Grote's *Examination of the Utilitarian Philosophy* deserves a special recognition. From his pages everything resembling the *animus* which used to be indulged in when "the selfish system" was in debate is entirely absent. Yet his final judgment on the question is not the impartial award of an arbiter who splits the difference. Mr. Grote is an advocate who argues unreservedly against Utilitarianism. But he gives a noble example of strength of argument unpolluted by vehemence of feeling or intemperance of language. He says:—

In a state of philosophy such as exists at this time it seems to me that there is another way of studying it more useful to the cause of truth, namely, that we should not make much profession of belonging to one or another school. A time like the present, when philosophy is rather dull and quiet, and those who care about it are not numerous, is not a bad opportunity, before some fresh school springs up with energetic apostles, for dropping sectarian names for a while, in order that we may be able the more quietly to study the exact nature of the things which they represent. In the absence of such names, and in the comparative stillness of the air, people might more easily get an insight and a view for themselves. There is less dust about to blind the eyes. All matters of moral science are matters as to which the best expression must very imperfectly represent what is in the mind of the man who thinks about them; if his thought is really valuable. Let us take advantage then of the absence of temptation to over-statement which is furnished by comparative absence of party feeling. In matters of real thought, where the question is how far what we imagine or think has really hold of us, the more real our conviction and the more earnestly we wish to convey it to the minds of others, the more careful we shall be as to vehemence of the expression of it, lest it should be distorted and falsified. Men's minds are different, but to measure intensity of conviction by vehemence of language is the idlest of errors, and one which, if men want to see things for themselves, they must speedily get rid of.

This recommendation Mr. Grote enforces by his own example. He has no virtuous indignation for his adversaries, but argues the case against them purely as one of speculative theory. He can even speak of Bentham as "one whom for his earnest philanthropy moralists of all schools have reason to honour." This scientific point of view in treating this angry question is the more noticeable, as Mr. Grote distinctly disclaims being himself a scientific writer; nay, he is even little disposed "to believe in a science of human happiness." The philosophic view of life seems to him both less true and lower than the vulgar view. He professes not the slightest hope of saying anything, at this time of day, incontrovertible. A statement in morals which is true has only the sort of truth which belongs to a proposition the contrary of which is equally true. The problem proposed by moral philosophy is variable, vast, and complex in the highest degree. And all systems are, as systems, wrong in this, that they enforce views of human nature which are necessarily partial and incomplete.

We do not at all go along with Mr. Grote in his scepticism as to the possibility of a science of ethics. Indeed some of his outbreaks against science are more worthy of the platform than of the Professor's chair. He says, e.g., "The man without moral philosophy cannot help sometimes feeling himself of wider and truer views than those who profess to teach him, however little he may be able to answer their arguments" (p. 123). We have no doubt that "the man without moral philosophy" does "feel himself" wiser than the philosopher, as the man without any other knowledge is apt to conceit himself wiser than the instructed; but it is much to be regretted that Mr. Grote should give his sanction to this vulgar error. However, these statements perhaps ought not to

* *An Examination of the Utilitarian Philosophy.* By the late John Grote, B.D., Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. Edited by J. B. Mayor, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Cambridge and London: Deighton & Bell. 1870.

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be pressed. They may be taken as directed only against the assumption that Utilitarianism is a clear and simple solution of all the difficulties surrounding the problem of morals. Mr. Grote's charge against Utilitarianism is not that its principle is untrue, but that it pretends to be exclusive. Utilitarianism is not to him, as it has hitherto been to most of its opponents, a dangerous and degrading error. It is an imperfect truth. Mr. Grote asserts, as broadly as the most thoroughgoing utilitarian, that action which is (say) courageous is yet not *good*, unless some happiness of somebody is subserved by it; as there is no moral value in a man's leaping into the sea to no purpose. He contends only that this subserviency to happiness is not the whole account of rightness. He maintains that the ideas of virtue and duty are ideas distinct and true in themselves, and that they cannot be resolved into the other class of ideas, that of usefulness or conduciveness to happiness—a class of ideas which is also distinct and true. We have no more reason for saying that the goodness of actions consists in one of these qualities than in the other. If we wish to test the goodness of an action we must take these qualities in conjunction. The two lines of action—the virtuous, and the conducive to happiness—always coincide. This we know not by observation, but *a priori*, because the moral universe is one and good, and the work of reason and design. The various play and conflict of these ideas with each other, as exhibited in the world and in human action, makes them of unceasing interest to us. It serves no practical purpose to try to introduce false and narrow-minded simplifications. The attempt to grasp human action in one summary view is like trying to grasp Proteus; we only change the form of the difficulty. Men's constitutions and temperaments are very various. Where there is much energy and impulsiveness, the question the man is likely to ask is, How may I live most worthily? Where there is more anxiety and fear of wrong, there arises the question of duty, What ought I to do? And where the practical tendency is strong, and the sympathies keen, the question asked is, How can I be most useful? To determine what we ought to do, we must consider all these questions. Any exclusive consideration of one alone would be misleading. The moral philosophy which is needed at this particular time is one which should fully recognise the largeness and variety of human nature. Moral philosophy is in bad repute at present, from its tendency to seize hold of some one point, possibly of some importance, and to exaggerate this, and to make everything depend upon it, in a manner which those who see the variety and complication of actual life are at once aware is not reasonable.

There is so much richness of reflection in Mr. Grote's volume, and we must add so much recurrence to the same thought in other words, that we cannot feel certain that the aspect here presented is complete, or even is the most characteristic aspect of his method. But it is one face of the discussion which is constantly turning up in his pages. It leads directly to the criticism that there seems to be in it a confusion between a theory of speculative morals and practical rules for moral conduct. So complex is life, and so weak is the individual will, that we need all the lights of experience to guide, and all the sanctions of society to strengthen, us in discovering the right and in acting up to it. But to guide and to strengthen is the business of the moral or religious teacher, lay or clerical. It is no part of the province of speculative philosophy. On the other hand, the metaphysical inquiry, Is the notion of right capable of analysis? and, if so, of what elements does it consist? is one purely of speculative philosophy. Those who reject all metaphysics as unreal knowledge will of course set aside this inquiry with the rest. But the question is not *answered* by preferring to dwell on practical sanctions. Mr. Grote might fairly have declared that he would not waste his time in discussing the ethical problem at all. But he does discuss it; he makes it the subject of a volume. He raises the question, and he gives an answer which amounts to the undeniable truth that in morals practice is more important than theory. He erects this truth itself into a moral theory. So erected into a theory, it wears the form that the infinite variety of human conduct is not reducible to a single notion of right; that there are many shapes of moral right, and that virtue, duty, and utility are each of them such shapes. The position is an eclectic one. It is a harmony of systems which have hitherto been antagonistic systems. Utilitarianism and intuitive morality are each of them right in what they affirm, and wrong only in excluding each other. Moral philosophy is not strictly the name of a single science, but of a group of sciences connected together by the single word *right*. One of these sciences, or Bentham's Utilitarianism, might be called Hedonics, or the science of pleasure. Mr. Mill's improved Utilitarianism is more vague, and seems to mix up some ideal element with its positive utilities.

This eclectic ethics is certainly deserving of an attentive hearing. There is no doubt that it will receive such attention, and that in time we shall have the judgment of Mr. Mill, or some other of the leaders of the Utilitarians, upon it. Our object in these few paragraphs is rather to put our readers in possession of Mr. Grote's views than to thrust upon them a crude attempt at a reply. But one remark which is suggested by the statement of them may be ventured upon.

The utilitarian and the intuitive systems which are here ranged side by side, and ordered to be friends, are not really harmonized by being ranked together. They are brought together as oil and water in the same bottle, but they do not unite. Mr. Grote's procedure is like that of the Roman proconsul who called together the philosophers of all the rival schools, and bade them make up

their quarrels once for all on the spot. Utilitarianism is admitted to be true, but not exclusively true. But Utilitarianism is nothing at all if not exclusively true. Utilitarianism, so called, is an explanation of moral obligation by the position of man as a unit of society. Man is a part of a whole, and cannot help his position. In this "cannot help" lies his obligation to shape his conduct with a view to the good of the whole. This is the theory of Utilitarianism, be it true or be it false. In either case it professes to explain the idea of virtue, of obligation, of right. If it be a true explanation of a single act called virtuous, *qua* it is virtuous, it is equally an explanation of all virtuous action. If there be a single action the virtuousness of which it fails to explain, then it is a false explanation of moral right altogether. It claims to have resolved the metaphysical idea "right" into positive relations, relations of units co-ordinate or subordinate constituents of a total.

The same must be said of the intuitive scheme of ethics. Intuitive morality asserts that rightness is an irreducible quality of action, a quality which is recognised immediately, or intuitively, whether by reason or by a special faculty. This quality thus possessed by virtuous actions is equally incapable of being analysed in all such actions. It is not to be resolved into conducive-to-happiness in some actions, and not to be so explained in others. The intuitively-discriminable goodness is a distinct, independent idea. The intuitive theory is not only exclusive, but its essence consists in its being co-extensive with the whole of virtue. If a single action called virtuous be capable of having its goodness resolved into considerations of utility to an ulterior end, the intuitive theory is exploded. Such a proof is indeed impossible from the nature of the subject. With respect to the first principles of morals, we are reduced to assertion; we cannot prove. Mr. Grote justly observes:—

Supposing any one should refuse to give up the ideas of fairness and generosity as independent ideas, and to merge them into that of usefulness, and say that all they have of moral goodness is derived from that character in them; I do not see to what kind of proof Mr. Mill can appeal to convince him.

It is for this reason impossible to disprove intuitive morality, which is an original *a priori* assumption to account for certain facts. But we may affirm that, if it accounts for one of those facts, it accounts for all of them. Those who maintain independent morality cannot admit dependence on interest to be an adequate explanation of any part of the facts. The two theories are not only rival, but contradictory. They are framed on purpose with the view of excluding each other.

We much doubt, indeed, whether Mr. Grote does maintain intuitive morality. There are parts of his book which look rather the other way. He seems to say more than once that conduciveness to happiness may be one character by which to know right action. Again, he does not seem to acquiesce in stating rightness or virtue as an ultimate or simple idea, but wishes to analyse it into something else, only not into leading to general happiness. He has some speculation, excellent in itself, on activity as an original fact of human nature. And he shows that this activity has a character and value of its own, independent of its reference to an end. All that he says on this head is important and suggestive. But the introduction of the Greek idea of "end," as that which gives their moral value to actions, is Utilitarianism pure and simple. And that action for action's sake cannot escape from the all-embracing scheme of "end and means" slips out rather naïvely in Mr. Grote's own words:—

Action is a part of nature as much as enjoyment is, and has its value as action besides whatever value conduciveness to enjoyment may give it. We may express this, if we like it, by saying that there is enjoyment in the action itself; but if we do, we must give up the idea of the character or value of actions being measured only by the end. If the action itself may be enjoyment as action, there is an end of the maxim that actions are only valuable, or distinguishable from each other with a view to choice, according to their conduciveness to enjoyment.

It is surprising that Professor Grote, who must have been acquainted with Aristotle, should not have referred to the remarkable discussion in the Tenth Book of the Nicomachean Ethics. This identical puzzle is there raised by Aristotle, who draws from it the very opposite conclusion. Even activities which are said to be their own ends would not be repeated but for the enjoyment which attends them. From which fact it is difficult to avoid the inference that even such activities are directed to an end—namely, themselves plus the attendant gratification.

Mr. Grote's comprehensive eclecticism thus embraces the morality of rule and that of end, the morality of duty and that of consequences, in one system, as he thinks, and finds an appropriate sphere for each. Besides this he goes on to include emotional ethics, and that so liberally that he is not content with adopting this doctrine in one of its forms, but marshals the imperative conscience of Butler alongside of the right reason of the Peripatetics. So far as, in our psychological search after imperativeness, we find it in reason, it must be a reason bearing in it very much of the character of imagination, as all the higher reason does. The suggestion to our minds of a moral order, of which we form a part, amounts in fact to an imperativeness in this respect, that we are aware of a shortcoming on our part if we fail to act upon the suggestion. This is to connect reason with the morality of duty. But also reason includes an ideal suggestion to our minds of a future desirable result—e.g., general happiness—which we may do something to bring about. Here reason is brought into contact with the morality of utility. After thus incorporating the *Phronesis*

of Aristotle and the Stoical Reason of the wise man, we go on in the true lust of territorial aggrandizement to annex the emotional moralists of all shades and forms. Not only conscience, but all the forms of moral indignation, the emotions which accompany the idea of virtue, generosity, magnanimity on the one side, with those which accompany the idea of benevolence or philanthropy on the other, shame and repentance, sympathy and kindness, are each allotted a place. By this we mean that they are assigned as an independent ground of moral obligation. No system, of course, can overlook the moral emotions. But only one system, that which has been called the emotional, grounds the moral imperative upon an emotion. The rival psychological theory is that which confers the obligatory force upon the reason. Mr. Grote acknowledges no incompatibility between the two theories, but gives them both an independent place. Conscience, honour, sympathy, kindness, each affords a good foundation for morality. He even goes so far as to say that these feelings "give us knowledge," and "discriminate with a certainty and accuracy which definite reason will try in vain to equal." But this statement is so obviously *outré* that the editor feels himself compelled to tone it down on his own responsibility into "with an instantaneous and nicely," and to remove Mr. Grote's "certainty and accuracy" to the foot of the page. Even so he leaves the psychological blot of attributing to the emotions the "giving us knowledge in the way in which our real (?) senses do."

Mr. Grote's posthumous work is in its tone and temper worthy and generous, in parts original and suggestive, the product throughout of an earnest mind deeply impressed with the reality and importance of his subject. It is where he has to deal with the highest generalizations of the science, and to grasp in one view the theory of ethics, that he seems weak. He has the manner of one who is groping his way, rather than of one who has found it. His candid disposition and open mind recognised good and truth in all systems, and where he saw the good and the true he could not bear to throw it away, or leave it on one side. Thus abhorring system and constructiveness, he has left behind a piece of patch-work in which, as in the Long Walls of Athens, portions of buildings of all ages and every style are built in in grotesque confusion.

GENT'S SCYTHIC NATIONS.*

WE believe that the great result of the labours of Mr. Rawlinson in the chair of Ancient History at Oxford has been to establish the law that instead of the substantive *Scythian* we are for the future to say *Scyth*, and that instead of the adjective *Scythian* we are for the future to say *Scythic*. The change may at first sight not seem one of any very great moment; but we take it as we find it, nothing doubting that there is some deep and convincing reason for the change, if we were only clear-sighted enough to see it. We perceive, however, that though Mr. Gent, as in duty bound, puts in his title-page the form which is given him by the judges of the prize for which he writes, he does not by any means consistently stick to it throughout his essay. We therefore presume that this is one of the points on which doctors disagree, and we shall therefore stick to what in our day was the received form, even though King Ismi-Dagon and King Iva-lush might possibly prefer another spelling. We perceive also that Mr. Gent ventures at least in a note to say that "Rawlinson is inaccurate in stating (*Hdt.* iv. 103) that the Taurini are acknowledged as Gauls by Polybius." We do not know whether Mr. Gent thought he was safe in assuming that Mr. Rawlinson would be inaccurate in any matter touching Greek writers and European nations. But it is hard to rob a man of his ewe lamb, and in this case we are bound to say that Mr. Rawlinson is accurate. Mr. Rawlinson is not speaking of Taurini but of Taurisci, and it certainly seems to us that in the place referred to Polybius, whether rightly or wrongly, does reckon the Taurisci as Gauls.

Mr. Gent's essay strikes us on the whole favourably, and shows powers which we hope may some day find a more favourable field for their development. For we cannot say that we look on the subject as at all well chosen, and the result is that, though Mr. Gent's essay shows real power and research, it is less attractive than some other prize essays, less attractive than we feel sure that Mr. Gent could have made some other subject. The subject seems to us to be too wide and too far removed from the ordinary range of reading. A prize essay, as it seems to us, should be chosen within the range to which a man will be at least guided by his regular academic reading. It should be a subject which requires the writer to get up in minute detail from the original sources some portion of history of which he already knows something, though as yet only in a mere general way. It should therefore be a subject which can be embraced within reasonable limits, and which does not carry a man into utterly new regions and among writers of whom he has possibly never heard before. Such a subject as the Scythic nations down to the fall of the Western Empire is one which might occupy many years' study on the part of a profound ethnologist, and which cannot be properly dealt with in a few months by young men fresh from the Schools. Mr. Gent has, to be sure, somewhat lessened the appalling length of the subject by nearly cutting off its last thirteen hundred years. He is not wholly

silent—for Khazars and Hungarians will not let him be wholly silent—about matters between the years 500 and 1806; but he is much less full upon them than he is upon earlier times. He has, however, not treated his subject in that kind of holiday spirit in which essays of this sort are sometimes put together. He seems to have really girded himself up and set to work manfully. We have read essays which are clearer and pleasanter to read, but he would be a genius indeed who should contrive to make a dissertation on the Scythic nations either clear or pleasant to read. But we give Mr. Gent much higher praise when we say that what he has written does not read like a prize essay.

The great difficulty with regard to any inquiry as to the nations with which Mr. Gent is concerned is the utterly vague way in which the Scythian names, and the other names with which he is concerned, are used by the Greek and Latin writers. The first of all is of course an exception. Whoever the Scythians of Herodotus may be, whatever may have been their blood and speech, and whatever the origin of their native and foreign names, they are at least in his eyes a distinct people, with an ascertained boundary to their territory, and with ascertained neighbours beyond it. Later writers use the word so vaguely that we can hardly forgive the wild Irishman who tells us about the *Chronicles of Eri* written in the Phoenician dialect of the Scythian language, or in the Scythian dialect of the Phoenician language, we really forget which. It is anything but clear who the Scythians of Herodotus, the *Σκύθαι*, were. The traces of their language are really not enough to lead us to any satisfactory conclusion. Mr. Rawlinson argues for their Aryan origin; Mr. Gent seems to look upon them as Fins; anyhow we should like to have some means of judging rather clearer than this:—

A Scyth, in battle, cries *Ζεψ*, and is admitted to treat for his life. This is referred by Bayer to the Thracian *Tyr* (*Θείπας*), a heroic ancestor, and the brother of Zames; *Tyr*, or *Thurras*, he connects with Thor, and Zames with Zamolxis, both the latter being referred to the Lettish word for Earth. Böckh says that the word *Ζεψ* is Sarmatian, meaning that he is not Mongol or Turanian.

Later in the same page we read:—

Bayer also compares the Greek *τυρός*, "cheese," which he supposes to be probably Scythic, with the Lithuanian *tyre*, "porridge," noticing that a vast proportion of the words in the Lithuanian vocabulary were Finnish, owing to the ancient preponderance of the latter race on the south-east of the Baltic. Bayer lived a considerable time in Lithuania, studying the manners and language of the people.

And later on:—

Bayer has propounded an ingenious theory, that after the death of Bærebista, Decius led away a multitude of Dacian subjects to the Baltic, effected great conquests, and became the wizard-hero of tradition, Odin. That the name of Odin is connected with Budinus, that the worship of Thor would be connected with the Thracian *Θείπας*, and the classical affinities of Lithuanian Slavonic speech accounted for, are some of the points comprised in this comprehensive speculation.

We must confess our ignorance of the works of Bayer, but we think we can guess what would have been the feelings of Lord Strangford towards an author who supposed the connexion between Lithuanian and Latin to begin at a date later than the conquests of Trajan. Mr. Gent says mildly that the comprehensive speculation of Bayer "is a magnificent structure, but built upon sand." Lord Strangford would certainly have sent him to stand up to his neck in the Lithuanian swamp, in company with the last living verb in *μ* and the last European bison. This sort of thing illustrates the unfitness of such a subject for a prize essay. Mr. Gent instinctively feels that the writer from whom he seeks information is talking nonsense. After two or three trials he plucks up heart and speaks out his mind; still he does not feel himself, and it is right and becoming that he should not feel himself, qualified to cast him away at once as Lord Strangford would have done. With a subject more within the range of ordinary study—a Greek, a Roman, a French, or an English subject—a writer of Mr. Gent's evident capacity would have known better how to deal at once with writers and their speculations, and would have cast aside this sort of thing from the beginning. As it is, Mr. Gent only gradually brings out what his own theory is. He looks on the Scythians as Fins, Ugrians, or whatever we are to call—the vaguer the name is the better—the non-Aryan inhabitants of Europe. But he does not make them belong to the first non-Aryan wave, that which brought in the non-Aryan inhabitants of Western Europe, of whom the Basques still survive as a remnant. He makes them rather the advanced guard of a second wave, to which he also assigns the "Black Huns, Khazars, Alans, the Sacæ of the Persian Empire, and some smaller tribes." But between these he places an Aryan wave, to which he conceives the Kimmerians to have belonged. On these come the Scythians, and by a sort of cycle, which to say the least is ingenious, he makes this intrusion of non-Aryans upon Aryans to be repeated ages after when the Gothic settlers in the same region were pressed upon by the Huns. It is his theory that the geographical character of the country has had an effect on all the successive inhabitants of whatever race and has reduced them to one common type. We suspect that there is a good deal of truth in this. In a certain sense and in some degree it is doubtless true of all nations and countries. All nations are to some extent influenced by the physical character of the countries in which they settle. But it certainly does seem as if the plains to the north of the Euxine were doomed to lag behind most other parts of Europe. Without committing ourselves to all the details of

* Arnold Historical Essay, 1870. *The Scythic Nations, down to the Fall of the Western Empire.* By John Gent, B.A. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1870.

[August 13, 1870.]

Mr. Gent's ethnological speculations, there can be little doubt that that region has been occupied by men of different races, and that each in turn has fallen to, or has failed to rise above, a low stage of social and political life. It has played a considerable part in the world's history, but it has been almost wholly a destructive part. And yet some of the nations which have dwelt in it or have passed through it have shown considerable constructive power when they have got beyond the reach of the influences of the soil. To say nothing of our own kinsfolk the Goths, the Kingdom of Hungary lives to show that a race of wandering Fins can change themselves into one of the nations—and far from one of the most backward among the nations—of Christian Europe. An effect like this is something more than the assimilation of an intruding nation by the nation on whom they intrude. It is a distinct influence of the country itself, from which the people liable to it become free when they remove elsewhere.

We cannot say that Mr. Gent's essay is so clear or methodical as we should like such an essay to be. We have to pick out his views bit by bit out of the discussion of a mass of obscure and not very interesting questions. But we believe that the fault lies rather with the subject than with the author. We are half inclined to think that Oxford is a little overdone with historical prize essays. There is the Arnold, the Stanhope, and now the new prize founded by the late Marquis of Lothian. The difficulty of choosing subjects at once good and new increases every year. But surely the judges need not choose subjects so wide and at the same time so lifeless as the "Scythic Nations." The history of an idea, even through quite as long a space, may be profitably given as a subject, as in the lucky year which set the Holy Roman Empire for the Arnold prize. But this, though the history of many centuries was involved in it, was still a subject with a compact unity of its own, very different from dreary wanderings up and down among those whom any one may choose, or may not choose, to call the Scythic nations. Essays again on particular men, particular places, and particular institutions are well suited for the purpose, as supplying the materials for minute research within an accessible range. For the wider sort of subject, there is one which we would specially recommend to any judge of these matters who may be puzzled to find materials for his choice. France and Germany are again at war, notwithstanding the efforts of statesmen for a thousand years past to put some effectual barrier between them. A sketch of the various attempts to set up in some form or other what our ancestors so happily called the Middle Kingdom—attempts stretching over all the centuries from the first kingdom of Lothar to the modern neutralizations of Belgium, Switzerland, Savoy, and Lützelburg, would be no bad subject to exercise the research and ingenuity of our academic youth.

IN EXITU ISRAEL.

THE title of Mr. Baring-Gould's story, founded on the French Revolution, sufficiently reveals where his feelings are engaged in that great struggle. But he professes to take especially for his subject "what has been too generally overlooked, its ecclesiastical side," drawing from the relation of bishop and curate in that day a moral which he thinks may be useful in our own. "The English curate," the preface tells us, "is as much at the mercy of the bishop as was, and is still, the French curé, and this he has been made painfully aware of." Some recent researches in Normandy have led Mr. Baring-Gould to collect materials for the history of a representative curé of that period, one Thomas Lindet, parish priest of Bernay, whose spirited dealings with his luxurious, venal, and bullying bishop, and impatience under the restraints and tyrannies of an Establishment as such, are held out as an example to the English victim of repression, who now suffers for allowing his "passionate love of Christ to flower into splendour of worship," just as his French predecessor suffered for his passion for liberty and his implied sympathy with its harbingers the philosophers. The disestablishment of the English Church is assumed to be near at hand. By a little "concerted energy the old rust-eaten links can be snapped. There will be no schism, but a united effort will be made by a body of resolute spirits within the Church to tear asunder crown and mitre." Whether the reader shares Mr. Baring-Gould's aspiration, or takes comfort under his prognostics in Mr. Gladstone's recent pledges, he will equally regard the portion of the book which deals with Lindet and his diocesan as most worth reading. The author is here on ground not familiar to the general reader. It is probably impossible to give an intricate narrative clearly where you know that your reader has heard or read it all before, not once, but many times. Further on he undertakes this task in the well-founded trust that with most people nothing but an outline remains; but the reader who has forgotten the detail is in a different position from one bringing the freshness of his attention to the work. People are bored with a threecold tale, whether they remember all the particulars or not; and the writer knows this, and is hampered by the knowledge. To stimulate attention he is driven to irrelevant matter. In the opening chapters of *In Exitu Israel* there is spirit. Sympathy with the curé has, indeed, a touch of rancour suggestive of side hits and the indulgence of personal dislikes; but the disputants stand in actual relation to each other. This con-

nexion of the actors with the scene and with each other vanishes, however, when we are carried off to Paris and Versailles, and the humbler characters of the story are entangled in the historical scenes of the Revolution. In fact, that period is no longer available for fiction except in hands that can restore to life its chief actors—a rare gift, and one beyond the powers of better novelists than the present author, who, whether he invents new situations for his historical personages or reproduces them through certain known characteristics, equally fails to win the confidence of his reader in the truth of his portrait.

And perhaps it is especially hazardous ground where, as in this case, the writer's feelings are with the mob, monstrous as may have been that mob's wrongs. For all great suffering, whether merited or not, there should be a certain amount of compassion, but Mr. Baring-Gould betrays a relish for the work of vengeance, an easygoing tone which confuses the natural effect of riot and bloodshed on the nerves. Because he does not pity the first victims of revolution, he fails to produce any adequate impression. Nobody else feels or cares. The characters mixed up in the most exciting early scenes of his story are not in the least stirred out of their usual ways by anything they see or go through. The peasant heroine and her simpleton of a lover are in the frenzied crowd when the first blood is spilt. They scramble out of the tumult into the Tuilleries Gardens, and are still within sound of the guns rattling and the shouting mob when, after the lover has coolly described to the young woman the details of the horrible spectacle they have just been within a yard of, he plunges with her into the comparative merits of French and Swiss scenery; he is calling her favourite "mont" an "earthy pimple," and she is crying "Please don't." In fact, nothing puts Mr. Baring-Gould's people out of their way. It is his one idea of sustaining character. They all say and do the same things from one end of the story to the other, accompanying what they say with some trick of action. Thus the historical Farmer-General Foulon—the man who said, "Wait till I am Minister, I will make the people eat hay"—took snuff, we are informed, in a peculiar way, snuffing it up from the palm of his hand. We are never in his company for an instant without the snuff-box coming out, the pantomime being gone through, and the invitation to take a pinch being given to friends and enemies alike, down to the mob who take his life. Berthier, his son-in-law, the Intendant of Paris, has a yet more unpleasant habit continually harped on. He has eyes with red sockets, which he is always wiping with the corner of his hand-kerchief, and when he insults his wife's complexion she says something in return about these eyes. Berthier has another habit to which he is also constant. Whether in Paris or at his château in Normandy, he sits in the courtyard with a horsewhip lashing and enraged his two bloodhounds for his diversion. There is a member of the Swiss Guard and his son, who enact patriotism with a similar constancy of method—by a perpetual recitation of "Herz, mein Herz," by an idiotic repetition of the names of the three Swiss liberators, and by singing litanies to Bruder Klaus. The elder had married a French milliner, who is almost as monotonous in her frivolity, but who wins some favour with the reader by reiterating his own sentiments in regard to her intolerable husband and son-in-law; the latter of whom has a way of nodding at the heroine while he stares at her with his blue eyes, which we take to be a suggestion of the author's own for winning a lady's favour.

The period chosen by the author is a time for atrocities; but, as we have said, the soil is so exhausted that even the legitimate atrocities of the time are threadbare. Mr. Baring-Gould dared not trust to them for his effects, but has invented new and more revolting ones to supplement those of history; exchanging the war of classes, the excesses of a wild, long-accumulating indignation at public wrongs, which the reader looks for in such a scene, for the malignity of domestic spite, petty, uncouth, and unnatural. There is such a thing as good taste in horrors as in everything else; there are bounds which imagination recognises and defers to. The prosaic pen, on the other hand, trusts for powerful effects to the violence of its outrages on reserve and on the decorous instinct. The wife of Berthier, daughter of Foulon, is a perpetration of this sort, on whom Mr. Baring-Gould clearly rests for the credit of originality. Madame Berthier, to begin with, is of a blue colour from the effects of nitrate of silver, and enhances the singularity of her appearance by dressing in yellow and petting a yellow (dyed) cat. Her husband, in kind consideration for this peculiarity, calls her Madame Plomb. The lady, irritated by the gross infidelity and laboured insults of her husband, and the insensibility of her father under her trials, allows her natural eccentricity to verge occasionally upon madness—that is, she is sane or insane as suits the occasion. It must be owned that nobody is hypocritical in this story. M. Berthier never takes the pains to conceal his real character. When labouring to seduce the peasant heroine, he finds no better way of winning her back to his toils than hunting her with his bloodhounds; and when he induces her wretched father, who represents the oppressed down-trodden peasant, to give her up to his power, he constitutes the girl the companion and waiting-maid of his wife, though the lady is able, as well as willing, to protect her. All his injuries are impolitic, and serve no other purpose than the indulgence of a brutal humour. And when Madame, in a paroxysm of rage, takes a knife, and threatens his life, and he shuts her up in the Bastille, it is still in the presence of the governor of the place that he suggests to her various ways of putting an end to herself. "Knock your own brains out against these

* *In Exitu Israel*. By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1870.

stones, Madame, and none will be better satisfied than your humble servant," or "You could with the greatest facility extemporize a rope," and so on; and when she repeats his catalogue of resources, she bows at each pause, and answers, "Delighted." After all, she is not a wife for an irritable man, and her revenge ranks her among the fiends. But it is easier to produce a sensation in the reader through such means than by appealing to the emotions suited to the occasion. Her blue tints and yellow cat interpose themselves when neither reader nor actor should have time to think of them, and carry off all the honours of the occasion. When Gabrielle's father hangs himself in despair, Madame Plumbe's grotesque comments are all the use made of a tragic occasion. But it is her part in her husband's murder that most outrages nature and decency. In a hideous orgy, described with careful prolixity of detail, the blue and yellow woman hounds on the mob, dictates a curse upon her husband, and finally unfolds her yellow turban as the instrument of strangulation, which for her own reasons she zealously prescribes as the mode of death. These wax-work horrors satisfy Mr. Baring-Gould's notion of art; but what strikes us most as illustrating his insensibility to the true exigencies of the situation thus created is that he makes Madame live to a good old age; and we take leave of her listening to "Herz, mein Herz" in a Swiss cottage, in the most blissful state of forgetfulness, not only of what she has gone through, but what she has done.

It is by such ghastly interpolations that the author excuses the reproduction of familiar scenes and events on which he has no new light to throw. His *researches* belong to Normandy; when he leaves the country for Paris, his account of public proceedings only tells what every history of the time also tells with careful elaboration. All this while we see little of Thomas Lindet, the true hero of the story. Once as member of the National Assembly he comes upon the scene in an effective interview with his old enemy the Bishop. In a concluding chapter we return to the original theme. The constitution of the Church of France is recast by the General Assembly, and on the refusal of Monsignor Narbonne Lara to submit to the Civil Constitution, Lindet is chosen by the electoral body—a very mixed assembly indeed—in his place. He remains Bishop of Evreux till the Restoration, when he is turned out and exiled from France. We see him for the last time joining his old friends, Gabrielle and her husband, then in Switzerland, at the moment when a Nicholas of the third generation is singing "Herz, mein Herz," in honour of freedom and the Alps.

At the conclusion of his preface the author promises a life of the Abbé Grégoire, which is to illustrate the position of the constitutional Church of which he was the soul.

A CARLOVINGIAN PEDIGREE.*

EVERYBODY has heard of the Welsh family tree which a good way down exhibits the marginal entry, "About this time the world was created"; and of the Scottish clan who at the time of the Deluge had "a boat o' their ain." It is only among folks of such august pretensions to antiquity that we can hope to find fitting company for a gentleman who comes among us with a pedigree going back through an unbroken succession of titular dukes to the time of the Carlovingian rule in France. People of a sceptical turn are wont to make occasion of merriment or scorn, as the case may be, out of the genealogical glories assigned to certain favoured families in our popular manuals of nobility. The less initiated or more vulgar many whose faith in the British Peerage well nigh transcends, it may be thought, their faith in the family Bible itself, read with hushed voices and bated breath the long and august lines of ancestry which carry back the blood or name of living men and women to Scottish kings of mythical locality and date, or to Greek emperors or Roman prefects of even more shadowy pretensions. We hardly know whether to urge more upon the notice of the sceptical few or of the superstitious many a work of which the object is to connect the writer by a lineage of nearly forty generations with the blood of Carlovingian monarchs, involving—tacitly at least, we presume, by logical and legal sequence—a collateral claim to the throne of Pepin himself. *Carlovingian Biographies*, extending to "Austrasia, Aquitaine, Roussillon, and Spain," we learn from the preface, grew out of a youthful desire on the writer's part to know the history of his house. With a laudable veneration for the Roman *Jus imaginum*, he set to work upon the family archives. Who has not felt a certain sympathy with the boyish faith of Arthur Pendennis in the long line of ancestral effigies which graced his father's dining-room, and with the lad's enthusiasm for Roger Pendennis of Agincourt, Arthur Pendennis of Crecy, and General Pendennis of Blenheim and Oudenarde? The blood of Carlovingian dukes began to stir with the like vivacity in the veins of our youthful student. Together with the boast of lineage, somewhat of the style of royalty seems to come naturally to his lips. The simple "I" of common life is set aside for the stately "we" of quasi-royalty. "Nous y découvrîmes un travail déjà commencé par notre aïeul François VIII." This work, consisting of some notes upon ten generations of the family, was in-

terrupted by the tragic and premature end of Francis VIII, who, we gather, perished on the revolutionary scaffold in 1793. Whether his end was hastened or brought about by his assumption of the same semi-regal style in which his grandson here speaks of him, our knowledge of the sad realities of the Terror does not enable us to pronounce. These notes, however, we are told in confidence, formed the point of departure for the "modest work" now before us, which is confined, we are further assured with all the emphasis of italics, to indicating "from a point of view *purely historical*" the changes which the family has undergone, and its migrations from the sixth century to our own day. It can be no ordinary family whose antiquity and exploits, not to speak of what has been suppressed out of constitutional modesty, are introduced to the public in the glowing summary which follows:—

Depuis le sixième siècle de notre ère, Lendes groupés autour de la couronne qu'ils sont appelés à défendre par leur rang de Ducs, Marquis, Comtes ou Vicomtes, nos aïeux élèvent ou renversent des trônes, suivant leurs intérêts ou les passions du moment, jusqu'à la moitié du onzième siècle, toujours signalés par l'histoire à l'attention publique. Mais à cette époque, devenus seigneurs féodaux, ils commencent à être un peu oubliés. Deux siècles après ils quittent ce rôle pour devenir agents du souverain et vivre près des cours. Au quatorzième siècle, les barons féodaux montagnards deviennent barons féodaux maritimes. Les pères avaient pressé quelque peu la terre, à ce que disent leurs serfs; mais les fils se mettent à écumer la mer. C'est ainsi qu'ils continueront jusqu'au seizième siècle. Ils reviendront à la terre, qu'ils vont exploiter comme seigneurs-agriculteurs jusqu'à notre époque. Partis des bords du Rhin, ils ont fini par se fixer dans la région des Pyrénées-Orientales, où ces *Sythes* blonds et chrétiens ont toujours tenu tête, sur mer comme sur terre, aux *Ascites* bruns et musulmans.

But what was this king-making family whose ancestors set up or threw down thrones according to the interest or passion of the moment? Our readers will no doubt impatiently ask the question. We will do our best to answer it by the light of the volume before us. We have to confess, indeed, to more than one point of difficulty which we had had to meet at the outset. A certain ambiguity, for example, strikes us on glancing at the title-page itself. Are we to take the words "Duc du Roussillon" to denote the writer, or merely the subject, of the family narrative? or are they simply one and the same? It is certainly unusual for the writer's name to stand thus at the head of his work. But on the alternative supposition no author whatever is indicated. In that case we must regard it as an anonymous collection of the annals of the "Dukes of the Roussillon." This blending of the definite article with the name of the province from which the duchy takes its name struck us as a further exception to our ordinary knowledge of French titles of honour, though we call to mind a parallel in the instance of the "Duc du Maine." However, we felt quite prepared to accept an enlargement of our notions of French grammatical or titular propriety, as well as of our superficial knowledge of the existing nobility of France, especially when chance threw in our way a work entitled *Origines, Migrations, Philologie, et Monuments antiques, par M. le duc du Roussillon*. Here was, at all events, a real living duke to clear up all such ambiguities in his own person. For a solution of every anomaly we naturally turned to the first French Peerage which came to hand, Bachelin Deflorienne's *Etat présent de la noblesse française*, 1868. Strange to say, under the class of "Duc et Pair" no title "du Roussillon" or "de Roussillon" was to be found. We turned next, with no greater success, to M. Barthélémy's *Ducs et Duchesses français avant et depuis 1789*, to La Chesnaye-Desbois, to De Courcelles's *Histoire généalogique des Pairs de France*, &c., to the Peerages of Hozier and others. The puzzle became greater when inquiries at the French Embassy and at the Lord Chamberlain's Office elicited the reply that at neither was any such ducal title known. Keeping in mind that Roussillon only became formally a French province in 1660, we had some hopes from Imhoff's *Recherches sur les Grands d'Espagne* (1707), but were disappointed there also. Anselme's great *Histoire généalogique de France* (1733), while altogether silent as to a duchy, makes frequent mention of a Count, and once of a Marquis of Roussillon; but of those titles the seat was in Dauphiné. It is true that the title of Roussillon, now as a *comté*, now as a marquisate, even as a dukedom, occurs in European history at various dates from the ninth to the eighteenth century, as well as in the romantic tale of Boccaccio which formed the framework of *All's Well that Ends Well*. But the only dukedom that can be traced was a beneficiary, not an hereditary, title. Moreover, the border *comté* of Roussillon merged long ago in the Spanish crown, so that any attempt to revive the title might involve an embarrassing rivalry to Montpensier or other pretensions of our day. The counts (sometimes also barons and chevaliers) of Roussillon enumerated in La Chesnaye-Desbois's *Dictionnaire de la Noblesse*, were of the Burgundian family of Malarney, and date from about 1600 to the end of the last century, when they appear to have died out. All that our author has to say is that Gausfred I, Count of Roussillon, is styled duke in two charters of the Emperor Lothair, in the same way that the three Counts of Toulouse—Fredolin, Raymond, and Bernard—are styled marquis and duke in a charter of 981. But neither in the elaborate series of *Biographies Carlovingiennes* nor in any of the genealogical authorities to which we have referred is there any distinct reference to such a dukedom as a title of descent. The utmost that the writer before us, in his eagerness to vindicate the higher title which stands at the head of his *brochure*, at last comes to is that the titles are used indifferently, the one being as good as the other—"tantôt comte, tantôt duc."

* *Le duc du Roussillon. Biographies Carlovingiennes. Austrasie, Aquitaine, Roussillon, Espagne.* Perpignan: Ch. Latrobe. 1870.

Origines, Migrations, Philologie, et Monuments antiques. Par M. le duc du Roussillon. London: Dulau & Co. Paris: Lacroix et Cie. 1867.

We did at last light upon some collateral aid to our inquiry. We took up the seventh volume of the *Nobiliorum universel* of M. L. de Magny, a work of which the authenticity or authority seems measured by the fact of each representative or claimant of nobility being allowed free scope for his own display of the family honours. The articles in this series, though bound up together, are paged separately, each forming a distinct memoir in itself, and each appears to vie with the other in its claim to the highest of all antiquity, and the most splendid of all achievements. It is something thrilling, then, to be told that "absolutely, of all the families whose genealogy has been published in the *Nobiliorum universel*, the most ancient beyond contradiction is that of the Pis de Cosprons-Roussillon," and that because by incontrovertible authorities it is shown to be of Carlovingian race. A long breath is required for the enumeration of the titles which, in this alone among compilations of its class, are heaped upon the head of the favoured representative of the house:—

Ducs du Roussillon, de Septimanie et de Gothie; comtes d'Ampurias et de Peirelade; vicomtes de Taxo et de Rocaberti; barons de Pi, de Sahorre, de Cosprons et de Lorca; seigneurs de Sainte-Estève, de Palau, d'Orriols, d'Argelague, de Madraguera, de Torrencaus, et de beaucoup d'autres lieux; patriciens de Barcelone, de Collioure, et de Majorque, etc.

It is tantalizing to think how much more may lurk under that mysterious "etc." It is some comfort, notwithstanding, to find so long and so illustrious a line of ancestry which had escaped the lynx eyes of all the genealogists, chroniclers, and heralds of Europe. From "Bodagisile duc-franc d'Austrasie en 580" sprang the "ancient hereditary dukes of Roussillon," whom it has given us so much trouble to trace. And from the fifth branch of this fertile stem, that of the Barons of Pi and Sahorre, we are brought down by unbroken filiation to a point where the line, we fear, seems likely to end as it began:—

Honoré Pi de Cosprons-Roussillon (de droit trente-sixième duc-comte du Roussillon), propriétaire héritaire du manoir et de la terre seigneuriale de Torrencaus, ex-maire de Port-Vendres, ex-conseiller d'arrondissement, membre correspondant de l'Institut botanique de Londres, etc., est le chef de nom et d'armes de sa famille. Il est célibataire.

Prefixed to this memoir are two shields of arms, one surmounted by the coronet of a prince of the Empire, meant, we presume, for that of "Aragon-Roussillon," the other by that of a marquis, though oddly enough the marquisate is omitted from the triple list of titles claimed by the compiler. The arms of Aragon are not given, while those of Ampurias differ totally from those described in Rietstap's *Armorial général* (1861). The memoir itself is from first to last simply an epitome of the *Biographies Carlovingiennes*; identical in arrangement, in the enumeration of names, and even in language. We need scarcely, therefore, affect ignorance as to its source, or pretend to estimate what additional weight it brings to the evidence of the work before us. The more elaborate citations of the latter work bring us equally down to the eldest of eight living offshoots of the ducal house of Roussillon, the eldest of whom, Honoré Pi de Cosprons, succeeded to his family rights on the death of his father, Honoré I., in June 1851.

It is wholly beyond our power to follow M. de Cospron link by link through the chain which he has been at infinite pains to weld together. We should feel for the Committee of Privileges whom we might imagine condemned to grapple with the task. Not that we entertain much doubt as to what the ultimate, or for that matter the immediate, decision of the Committee would be. As regards the dukedom, the one seemingly positive evidence of its existence in the whole farrago of so-called proofs is the document in which the "Emperor Lothaire" is made to speak of Gausfred, son of Suniaire (A.D. 940), as "le duc du Roussillon son très-cher ami." Unfortunately the compiler gives us no clue to the source of this passage (in which the Emperor Lothaire has, we fear, got inextricably mixed up with King Lothaire of France), nor have our own researches into the pages of *Alzoue* or *Perte* been rewarded by the verification of it. We are further told that the ducal title is given to "Gérard du Roussillon, the Crusader, in the year 1115"; but for the proof of this statement we look in vain, both in the author's text and in the *pièces justificatives* at the end of the volume. Even if verified, these proofs amount to no more than that the title of Duke may have been used in the beneficiary, and consequently the transitory, sense we have alluded to above. The title was most probably, if at all, given in its primary sense as a military designation, and was no more of necessity hereditary than is the later distinction of Marahal.

When we get down to the middle of the eleventh century we are confused by finding the original Carlovingian line divide into the "Barons de Pi" and the "Barons du Roussillon," the title of duke being apparently held in some mysterious manner in suspense till the death of Charles II. of Spain in 1700. It never becomes clear to us how the two branches get blended together again as we find them in the sequel. To be sure we come, in the 23rd degree, upon the last of the Barons de Pi, from which time (about the end of the fourteenth century) the family betook themselves to the sea, and became patricians (*homines honrati*), in the quality of citizens or bourgeois. Among them we find members of the Conseil-Général of Collioure, "baillis," notaries, "bos-homens," and "pros-homens." It is not till 1557 that the name of Cosprons comes into view. The last of the sailor branch of his family, Jean VI., by his marriage with an heiress, became possessed of a manor or

seigneurie at Cosprons. From that time we only hear of simple "agriculteurs," devoted to the care of flocks and herds. To Honoré I. fell the honour of being captain of *chasseurs d'élite* and mayor of Banyuls-sur-Mer, and twice mayor of Port-Vendres. This respectable ex-mayor and agriculteur died in 1851, unconscious it may be of those ancestral distinctions which it was left to his eldest son to vindicate in the remarkable volume before us. Or he may have felt some share of that proper pride in legitimate, though untitled, gentry which has been known to look down upon the loftiest honours of mere creation, not to speak of the mock splendours of parvenu or sham nobility:—

Je suis ni roi ni prince aussi,
Je suis le sieur de Coscy.

It is sad to contemplate, as we have been compelled to do, the possible dying out of so many ancestral honours. Are we to say farewell, a long farewell, to all this greatness? Must we hear the knell of a whole branch of the Carlovingian race in the plaintive words with which its last illustrious scion closes the long list of its annals—*il est célibataire*? Happily there is balm in more places than Gilead. And in no place is there more promise than in these islands of a solace or remedy for one class of sorrows which weighs at times most heavily upon the most ancient and illustrious of houses. We are bold enough to point to one mode at least whereby the catastrophe which threatens the line before us might yet by possibility be averted. The suggestion is not our own, but is simply adopted from the advertising columns of a contemporary, in which the following inviting notice appeared a short time ago:—

TITLE OF NOBILITY.—A French Nobleman, possessing three superior Titles (one of the most brilliant of the nobility of Europe), is desirous of Bestowing by Adoption his Titles on some Gentleman of Wealth; or the Nobleman in question, although far advanced in years, would be happy to form a MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE with a Widow, by which she might enjoy his Titles and bestow others on her Sons.—Address "—", care of —, Advertisement Agents, — Strand, W.C.

A FRENCH PAMPHLETERE.*

POLITICAL pamphlets, however brilliant, and—to borrow an adjective from the science of gunnery—however remarkable for their "initial" vigour and vivacity, are but sorry projectiles for a literary Immortal. As documents to serve for the instruction of the historian, they are often inestimable; if the historian be judicial, for the comparison and discrimination of the acts and motives of party leaders; if the historian be an advocate, to lend fire and spirit to his narrative. To the general reader they are like the bullets picked up on the field of a battle fought half a century ago, and over which time and peace have thrown crops of shining grain. Are these relics genuine? To believe that these lumps of silent lead were once winged with mortal havoc and tore through the ranks of hostile armies demands an effort of the imagination. Or, to adopt a more peaceful illustration, their flashing splendour has sunk to the dull and meagre splutter of a damp firework, their effervescence to the heated sourness of the fag-end of a bottle of sparkling wine uncorked a week ago. Can any literary remains be more intolerable than a collection of political pamphlets, say of Queen Anne's time? It has been the fashion of late years for occasional writers to collect these missiles of a moment, and to publish them under some title indicative of a continuous design. If the author is pleased with his own performance, there is no great harm done; but if he hopes to escape the trunkmaker and the buttermen, let him calmly sit down to peruse the pamphlets of a Defoe or a Cobbett, and tell us how he enjoyed the recreation. Some fifteen years ago an Irish Parliamentary reporter, endowed with most of the qualities of his countrymen, wrote a series of political portraits for a London weekly paper. There was good deal of the shillelagh in the style, and here and there the glance of a rapier's point; a savage bitterness and a riotous impudence, with now and then a faint suggestion of a finer power. These ragged and careless sketches were so much admired among the writer's comrades that they have actually formed a school, and now there is scarcely a provincial paper that has not its "Stranger in the Gallery" who describes you the House of Commons from the familiar valet's point of view. But take up Mr. Edward Whitty's original contributions, and see whether raw potato whisky becomes old Cognac by keeping! We beg pardon for seeming to associate M. de Cormenin's name and works with any less memorable pamphlets than those of Cobbett, which he has so admirably characterized. We have done so for no other purpose than to cite the pages he has left as an exception to the common unreadableness of occasional political literature. M. de Cormenin was a born pamphleteer; he was far prouder of his brilliant and malicious political flying sheets than of his solid and lasting treatise on *Administrative Jurisdiction*, of his legal learning, or of his constitutional science. He regarded himself as a Phœbus Apollo of pamphleteers, perpetually slaying pythons with his unerring bow and merciless arrows. The author of the preface to this collective and final edition of his papers remarks that if France is not the land of liberty it is at least the chosen land of political satires and *chansons*, of epigrams and

* *Pamphlets Anciens et Nouveaux* (Cormenin-Timon). Paris: Pagnerre. 1870.

pamphlets. And in proof of this he cites the *Menippée* and the *Mazarinades*, the *Figaro* with which Beaumarchais slew the old régime, the famous pamphlet with which Sièyes heralded the new, the pamphlets of Madame de Staél, Chateaubriand, Paul Louis Courier, against the First Empire and the Restoration; and lastly, M. de Cormenin's pamphlets against the Monarchy of July. The language in which Milton, Sydney, Bolingbroke, Swift, and Junius wrote was English; but we fully admit that no language is so admirably fitted to all the uses and tactics of guerilla warfare, to the light marching order, the rapidity of movement, the feints, surprises, and sudden sallies and skirmishing attacks, as that of which M. de Cormenin was a master. Its piercing terseness, its transparent clearness, its succinctness and precision, its allusive dexterity, its pointed brevity, are characteristics in which no other language can be compared with the French. And these are obviously the qualities most advantageous to a writer who has nothing to do but to buzz and sting. English pamphleteers are too fond of bringing their heavy guns into action; they have no light field-artillery, no sharpshooters, and no small shot.

French satire is to English as a poniard to a bludgeon; the dagger of French epigram is wreathed in myrtle, while the lumbering and brutal English railly is brandished like a club. There is in the essence of the French language, as it is written by its masters, an Attic salt which tempers malignity with a mannered grace, lends an air of refinement to gross insolence, and to cruelty a feline and caressing elegance. M. de Cormenin had a temperament and a character exactly adapted to the part he played on the political stage. Timid, shy, nervous in bodily presence, when he sat down to write he had all the qualities attributed by the Latin poet to Achilles. Nor can it be said that he was deficient in moral courage, for though he wrote under a *nom de plume*, he never wore a mask. He delighted in the personal notoriety which his attacks upon the Monarchy of July conferred upon "Timon," and in the damaging and destructive influence of his pen. Not being an orator, he rejoiced in doing more harm than any orator could have done to the Government which he claimed a right to assail, since he had declined to serve it or to accept its honours and rewards. His critical portraits of the principal Parliamentary statesmen of his time are worked up with extraordinary care and finish; but the constant affection of an indulgent *bonhomie* conceals neither the bitterness of the mockery nor the labour with which the simulated ease has been attained. His chapters on the various orders of eloquence—the eloquence of the pulpit, of the bar, of official harangues and Parliamentary debates—are well worth preserving, as models of criticism, always acute and searching, and often profound; and the style, if laboured, is laboured to perfection. It would be difficult to get a clearer or a closer view of the political history of France during the last half century than in M. de Cormenin's *Orators and Statesmen of the Revolution, the First Empire, the Restoration, and the Monarchy of July*. This is personal history, no doubt, and sometimes resembles a perruquier's impressions of the great actors whose wigs he has curled and whose faces he has made up. Yet on the whole the dignity of historic portraiture is preserved, and one feels that the painter is something more and better than a clever catcher of likenesses, or a crafty colourist.

It is, however, of M. de Cormenin's pamphlets, "old and new," that we have now to speak, and we must confess that, with every disposition to put the fairest construction upon the motives of an eminent public man who was more dangerous as an adversary than useful as a friend, who made some sacrifices to his convictions and derived little profit from his sympathies, and who under any and every Government was nothing if not critical, we have been unable to surmount a feeling of disgust at the celebrated Letters on the Civil List of Louis Philippe, the "Scandalous Questions of a Jacobin," the "Advice to Tax-payers," and the paper on "Electoral and Parliamentary Corruption." Let us do justice to M. de Cormenin. He was neither an aristocrat nor a democrat by birth, but a member of that upper middle class which was nothing before the Revolution of '89 and everything after it. As a young man he accepted an auditorship of the Council of State under the First Empire, and seems to have been even more dazzled by the commanding administrative genius of Napoleon than by his marvellous military campaigns. Under the First Restoration he occupied a small official position, which he resigned on the return of Napoleon from Elba, to join the army on the frontier as a volunteer. The Second Restoration recalled him to the Council of State, where he rendered efficient service, which was amply acknowledged by the Crown. Elected to the Chamber of Deputies, he sat and voted as an advanced Liberal, and when the Revolution of July arrived, he resigned his seat and his office, and declined the Ministry of Public Works offered him by the Provisional Government, and the Ministry of Public Instruction offered him by Louis Philippe. In October, 1830, he became again a member of the Chamber of Deputies, sitting and voting as before as an advanced Liberal, opposing the creation of an hereditary peerage, declaring that the Charter was "scamped"; and declaring for the principle of popular sovereignty through universal suffrage, to which he ever afterwards consistently adhered. Silent in the Chamber, he then began, as he described it, to darken the air with his pamphleteering arrows. He demanded the responsibility of Ministers and of all functionaries, the election of mayors by the municipal councils, the effective control of the financial administration of the country by its representatives, freedom of public meeting and association, the abo-

lition of the taxes on the press, the trial of press offences by jury, and, in short, all the reforms which the Second Empire persistently refuses or evades. But, above all, he demanded universal suffrage, and, as a devout Catholic, the perfect freedom of the Church in a free State. The Revolution of February regarded him as a Republican and gave him the Presidency of the Council of State. He was also charged with the Presidency of the Committee to which was entrusted the draft of a Constitution; but when that Constitution was completed and accepted by the National Assembly, he expressed his belief that it was doomed to perish between the discontent of the Royalists, who called it revolutionary, and the impatience of the Socialists, who called it Conservative. A few months before the *coup d'état* there was a general cry for its "revision," and to that cry M. de Cormenin replied in a pamphlet in which he prophetically exclaimed, "You say you cannot breathe in the Constitution. But why? Ambition never has room to breathe in. Alexander found the globe too small to breathe in. We shall see how the Constitutions of your making will stifle us likewise."

On the Second of December M. de Cormenin reproached his Republican friends with having prepared the way for that usurpation by their alliance with Bonapartism under the Monarchy of July. That was a true charge of which he was not quite guiltless himself. A day or two later he accepted his nomination to the Consultative Commission, from which M. de Montalembert withdrew his name with indignation, and subsequently a seat in the Council of State. After having violently assailed Louis Philippe's avarice and parsimony in taking a Civil List of 480,000, and in asking for a moderate dotation for his children, he became an adviser of the Second Empire, with its Civil List of a million sterling, its lavish pensions to every member of the Imperial house, its Privy Councillors and Senators enjoying enormous cumulated salaries, its extravagant and uncontrolled expenditure. "But then," said M. de Cormenin, "this Government, however tainted with illegality in its origin, has been ratified by the suffrages of the whole people; it represents the principle of national sovereignty, for which I have always contended; and while under such conditions I cannot honestly decline to serve the country as a Councillor of State, I will never be a Senator." Whether he was ever asked to be a Senator we have no means of knowing, but as a Republican in principle it seems probable that his acceptance of the Second Empire was duly appreciated. That he pined and chafed under the restraints of his office would appear from his posthumous pamphlets on the Second Empire, in which he criticizes with much of the sarcastic bitterness of earlier days the system, the policy, the Constitution, the dumb Senate, the abject Legislative Body, the falsified electoral system, the rhetoricians and Ministers of all work, the perpetual prevarications and evasions of a Government pretending to be founded on the sovereignty of the people. While he lived M. de Cormenin held his peace; he had assisted in destroying the constitutional Monarchy; he had seen the Republic fall to pieces without remorse; he accepted the Second Empire, and served it in silence. What he really thought of it and its men and its works he left to be disclosed in the last contributions to this collective edition of his works published after his death. There is an English statesman who somewhat resembles M. de Cormenin in his public character and in the temper of his intellect, and that is our present Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Lowe is the exact opposite to M. de Cormenin in political opinions and dogmas, but both are dogmatic *doctrinaires*. In one point, however, the English statesman differs essentially from the French Councillor of State; he can speak and write with equal acerbity and incisiveness. M. de Cormenin could only write with clearness and vigour.

It would be unjust to forget the kindlier aspects in which M. de Cormenin's life and character deserve to be more favourably remembered. He was not only a consistently liberal and a sincerely philanthropic thinker, who, especially in his latest years, detested and denounced vulgar ambition and military glory and the trade of war, and had always before him the wants and sufferings of the poor. He was a truly religious man, and his religion was a rule of life and conduct. The best hours of his life, the best thoughts of his mind, the best feelings of his heart, were constantly and unstintingly engaged in works of useful and practical charity; in promoting popular education, improving the moral and material condition of the lower classes of the population, in sanitary reform, in establishing baths and washhouses and cheap hospitals and free libraries, in obtaining an honourable recognition of the humbler acts of heroism that are never recorded in the *Gazette*. His *Entretiens de Village*, translated into almost every European language, and his *Dialogues de Maître Pierre*, will perhaps preserve his memory fresh among his countrymen when his polemical pamphlets have ceased to be read except by curious collectors of French political literature and by foreign students of the language in which they are composed.

AN EDITOR'S TALES.*

MMR. TROLLOPE, we need hardly say, is amongst the most surprising literary phenomena of the day. We are lost in wonder when we contemplate the immense quantity of his works and the very respectable level which he is almost invariably able,

* *An Editor's Tales*. By Anthony Trollope. London: Strahan & Co. 1870.

[August 13, 1870.]

to sustain. We sometimes ask ourselves whether Mr. Trollope himself can remember the substance or even the titles of all his numerous productions. For his own sake, we would fain hope that some of them may, as would seem almost inevitable, have utterly passed from his memory; for in that case he would not be the one human being debarred from the pleasure of reading what would be, for practical purposes, a new novel by Mr. Trollope. At any rate we picture him to ourselves as sitting in a considerable library formed entirely by the labour of his own hands, and looking with something like awe upon the work which he has himself accomplished. The most remarkable thing is the number of times he has been able to perform on an instrument of no great compass or variety. With a little stock of respectable clergymen, steady country gentlemen, and decorous young ladies, he has furnished a number of volumes which we should be afraid even roughly to calculate; and when he has diverged to any considerable distance from his favourite hunting-grounds he has scarcely met with his ordinary measure of success. The present volume is interesting to the Trollopologer, because in it he has, in one respect, rather abandoned his usual practice. He has not hitherto, as a general rule, treated us to the novelette, or short story compressible within the single number of a magazine. We can remember indeed one previous volume of the kind, but it is a mere drop in the ocean as compared with the vast bulk of his longer efforts. This kind of story-telling requires, one would think, a style diametrically opposite to that in which he usually indulges. Without precisely comparing Mr. Trollope to Milton, we may say, according to Johnson's unfortunate criticism, that he is a giant who is more capable of hewing a colossus out of a rock than of cutting a head upon a cherrystone. Or, if the first term of the comparison is not very appropriate, we may at any rate say that he is most at home when following the complicated meanderings of a story in which more than one group of characters takes part. Indeed, it is his most characteristic weakness that he appears positively to shrink from artistic unity of effect. He gives us, it may be, a speaking likeness of a gossiping country town, where you are expected to listen at alternate tea-parties to scandal about the attorney and to details of the curate's love affairs; but he almost ostentatiously refuses to concentrate our attention upon any single series of incidents. Now it is of the essence of the short story that it should depend upon some single complication, and that we should not be distracted by any irrelevant digressions; and it was therefore with some curiosity that we read this little collection of stories, in the hope of seeing Mr. Trollope grappling with a new kind of problem, and forbidding by self-imposed conditions to indulge in his usual discursive methods. Most of his works remind us of those photographic studies in which the artist has endeavoured to take in a whole village street or market-place, and has relied upon his faithful rendering of a confused mass of figures, all accurately portrayed, rather than upon any single object of interest. We were anxious to see how he would succeed when confined to dealing with a single head, or at most to a group of two or three actors. We will endeavour to express faithfully the result of our observations.

The *Editor's Tales* include six different stories, which are all alike in this respect, that they have to do with the sorrows suffered by contributors or inflicted by them upon editors. In four out of the six the story is simple in the extreme, and, we must add, rather wanting in variety. Mr. Trollope is supposed to be assailed by some lady or gentleman suffering under the ordinary conviction of mankind that anybody can write in a magazine who is totally unfit to make a living in any other way. We know not, though our curiosity is often raised upon this particular point, how far the stories are founded in fact; but we have not the least doubt that in one respect at least they are a faithful description of reality—namely, that Mr. Trollope always shows a leaning, weak, it may be, but amiable, towards the most good-natured course. We can also believe it to be exceedingly natural that he generally gets into a scrape in consequence. In one case, we regret to say, for we can hardly help thinking that there must be some foundation in fact for the fictitious incident, poor Mr. Trollope is bullied by a strong-minded female to that degree that he finally has to sign an apology for not inserting her article, and to pay down a certain sum in damages for the non-fulfilment of a perfectly imaginary contract to that effect. It is almost immoral to publish such a story, lest other strong-minded and insidious ladies should be tempted to drive their literature by main force upon the weaker sex. The lesson of his stories, so far as editors are concerned, should apparently be to this effect:—Never temporize; never see a would-be contributor—and especially never see a lady contributor—in person, if you can possibly write; and always say No in the most distinct terms, at the earliest possible period, and with the least possible regard for the feelings of your correspondent. The editor who deliberates is lost. We must be understood, however, as simply reasoning from Mr. Trollope's data, and not as giving our own experience. Perhaps he is of an unduly soft-hearted character, as becomes the creator of so many amiable heroines. To return, however, to the merits of the stories, we must confess that the four we have referred to are a trifle dull. The incidents are not in themselves very striking, and their management confirms our impression that Mr. Trollope requires a good deal of space to bring out his effects. He has not a specially felicitous style, and we generally become acquainted with his actors in a long series of conversations, and by constant touching and retouching, rather than by any single happy strokes. A page or two out of the *Warden* or the *Last Chronicles of Barset* would

probably strike us as commonplace; it is by his peculiar mode of accumulating trifles, each of them of little value in themselves, that he ultimately succeeds in bringing his persons so vividly before us. In these stories he does not seem so much to have compressed into a short space the spirit of a whole novel, as to have given us merely a fragment of a larger work. Small beer may be a very pleasant drink when you can take a prolonged draught; but if you are to be confined to a wine-glass, you would rather have something stronger. We just make enough acquaintance with various young ladies and gentlemen of the ordinary type to feel that if we went on talking to them through a score of monthly numbers they would end by being very pleasant company; but in a passing introduction they have not time to develop their idiosyncrasies. In a fifth story, which is on a rather different plan, and relates the premature death of a projected magazine, we have much the same difficulty. There is a promising character or two; as, for example, a lady who writes for the first number a review of Bishop Berkeley's philosophy, and who is told in plain terms, by the priggish cousin in whom she blindly confides, that it is utter rubbish. We feel that that is just one of the situations of which Mr. Trollope would make something if he had room, so to speak, to turn himself round; but, as it is, he is like a man trying to paint a miniature with a mop. The story is just indicated, and then the poor lady is put down as summarily as her unfortunate article, and we can only regret the catastrophe.

So far, then, Mr. Trollope, in our opinion at least, rather fails in his attempt. But we must add that there is one story so much better than the rest as to redeem the value of the book, and to show Mr. Trollope in his best vein. For once, instead of suffering, he seems to have benefited by compression; and the secret would appear to be that in this case, rather, we must fear, by good luck than by discretion, he has got hold of one of those situations for which his peculiar powers are really well suited. He has a very simple and yet a really pathetic story to tell, and one, moreover, in which his resolute adherence to plain matter of fact brings out the tragic element with unusual felicity, whilst the limitation of pages prevents irrelevant rambling. The story, whether founded on fact or not, is one which is only too typical of a large class. A man of real scholarship and considerable ability has got into scrapes at college, partly from general insubordination and partly from some positively immoral habits. How far he was guilty and how far badly treated cannot be accurately known, inasmuch as he is himself the only authority for the facts. He is, however, rusticated, and, after some vain attempts at improvement, is cast off by his family, takes to drinking, and marries a woman who turns out to be thoroughly dissolute and illiterate. He is naturally dragged lower and lower, and at the point where the story begins is a writer for some of the vile journals known by the slang name of the "Penny Dreadfuls." From this position he makes a desperate attempt to redeem himself, and appeals to Mr. Trollope in his editorial capacity to provide him with some less degrading kind of work. We shall not give the result of Mr. Trollope's benevolent endeavour; it is enough to say that the squalid misery of this wretched being, and the kindness of a certain good Samaritan in the questionable shape of a publican's wife, are described with a vigour which is really striking, and makes the story well worth reading. Mr. Trollope generally shrinks instinctively from anything like the tragic or sensational element; but when it comes naturally in his way he can display real power, as, for example, in the case of the unlucky clergyman in the *Last Chronicles of Barset*. The directness and verisimilitude of his manner, and the absence of any attempt at fine writing, enables him to be far more really pathetic than the professed dealers in this kind of sentiment. Mr. Trollope is too old and experienced a writer to take advice in such matters from his critics; but we could wish that he would recognise more of his real power, and he has only to compare this story with its comparatively insipid companions to see how well he can succeed in the tragedy of common life. The story of the "Spotted Dog," to our taste at least, redeems the rather washy and spiritless sketches with which it is associated, and exemplifies the legitimate use of a good realistic description. The outcast of civilized society is at least as interesting as the commonplace parson or parson's daughter of his ordinary novels; and a fragment of real passion is exciting where the same amount of writing about his ordinary stock characters is insufficient to catch our attention. In short, the story in which there is some concentration of feeling may succeed, however short; those which are mere fragments of a diffuse narrative fail to produce much effect of any kind.

BRYANT'S ILIAD.*

IT is just as well that a turn in the tide of fashion should have left the field of Homeric translation free and open for an American to pluck a laurel therein; and the candour of English scholars will rejoice in the opportunity of acknowledging a Transatlantic success in an experiment which at home has not seldom ended in failure. Under ordinary circumstances we might have hesitated to notice another version of the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, lest the public should tire of so many harpings on a single string; but there is more than one reason why Mr. Bryant's version is entitled

* *The Iliad of Homer Translated into English Blank Verse.* By William Cullen Bryant. Vol. I. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. 1870.

to have an exception made in its favour, not the least weighty of these being that he approaches his task with extraordinary modesty, and prefaces his work with notions in reference to translation as sound and sensible as they are unostentatious. Of living American poets, Mr. William Cullen Bryant is one of the most eminent as well as one of the oldest in standing. He was born, we believe, in 1797, and from the beginning of his literary career up to this time his poetry has been characterized by a high cultivation, nicely blending deep draughts of the Greek and Latin Muse with that pure "well of English undefiled" which to literary Americans is the proudest and most treasured remembrance of the mother-country. Few lovers of poetry are unacquainted with the *Waterfowl*, and such as have been led by it to a further study of its author's works have recognised the justice of a comparison between Bryant and Wordsworth; they may not know, however, that his very first success was in the field of classical translation. The version of the Iliad now before us was commenced so late as 1865 "to divert his mind from a great domestic sorrow"; and it is not too much to say that in this instance the resort to an exquisite privilege of scholars and poets in affliction has resulted in a work calculated to enhance the poet's own fame, and to add appreciably to the literature of his country—a work, moreover, worthy to hold its own beside the best recent English versions of the Iliad.

The secret of this success is a just appreciation of the translator's work. Very seldom has the aim of faithfulness been so well sustained, or another essential feature, simplicity, so sedulously sought after to grace the translation with a charm inseparable from the original. But a translator may aim ever so conscientiously at faithfulness and simplicity and yet only produce a bald, inelegant, ungainly performance. Few agonies are more poignant than that which is caused by awkward representation of Greek connecting particles, by the faithfulness in fetters of unskillful unbending precisians. Yet because Pope went to the opposite extreme, and, as Gilbert Wakefield has it, "lost by adulterate infusion something of that congenial raciness which indicates and distinguishes the parent soil," we have too often to choose between the stiff exactitude which seeks to avoid this extreme, and the vague and untrustworthy paraphrase in which deficient mastery of the Greek language is combined with an ambition to err in distinguished company. Now Mr. Bryant's command of his metre, and, let us add, his perfect management of the language and style of the Elizabethan models of blank verse, have enabled him to be exact and faithful without clumsiness, and to succeed in disguising the joints and screws which would have marred his work if they had been inartistically transferred from his original masterpiece. "In this translation," he writes, "the natural order of the words has been carefully preserved as far as the exigencies of versification would allow, and I have ventured only upon those easy deviations from it which form no interruptions to the sense, and at most only remind the reader that he is reading verse."

It is, we think, no small testimony in favour of blank verse as a vehicle of Homeric translation that the countryman of Longfellow prefers it to the hexameter, which the latter did much to popularize in *Evangeline*. Mr. Bryant is assuredly right in his perception of that "difficulty of subduing the thought—by compression or expansion of phrase—to the limits it must fill," which results from our great number of short English words and our poverty of connective particles, and which renders hopeless the reproduction of Greek hexameters line for line in English; and as, in examining the affinities of Homer's style with the ballad style, he not only missed in the latter the reach of thought and richness of phraseology distinguishable in the former, but also foresees a temptation in the use of the old ballad manner to sacrifice dignity and to part with the true Homeric spirit, there remained for him only the Popian measure, to which the restriction of rhyme is an almost universally admitted objection, and the blank verse which "in its flexibility of construction" is probably of all measures the best adapted for a narrative poem. Certainly the translation before us is a convincing proof of the value of blank verse in enabling the translator to avoid the appearance of constraint, although it must be remembered that a great deal depends upon the craftsman, and that, while an inferior hand would be for ever giving unintentional tokens of bondage to the form and idiom of the original, very much of the ease and grace of a neat and finished translation is due to skill and practice in poetry, and to the facility which comes of familiarity with the best models. In point of scholarship we should say that Mr. Bryant's version is at par, if not above par. It is manifest that he has consulted various editions, and he does not disown a comparison of the versions of his most eminent rivals. Sometimes, where at first sight one might suspect him of mis-translation—e.g. in i. 59—

Ἄτραιδη, νῦν ἄμμε πάλιν πλαγχθίνεται δῶ
δῆ ἀπονοτίσσων.

To me it seems, Atrides, that 'twere well,
Since now our aim is baffled, to return
Homeward,

it will be found that he has warranty for his rendering; for in this instance, though there can hardly be a doubt that πάλιν πλαγχθίνεται only refers to the hardships and difficulties of the return, he has Doederlein, comparatively recent commentator, to back him in taking it of "frustrated designs." In another moot passage of the First Book, 170-1,

οὐδέ οὐδέ
ινθάδ' ἄτμος ιών ἀφενος καὶ πλοῦτον ἀφένειν

Mr. Bryant takes, it seems to us, tenable ground in regarding ἄτμος ιών as a sort of parenthetical nominative absolute:—

But here where I am held
In little honour, thou wilt fail, I think,
To gather, in large measure, spoil and wealth.

And it is very rare indeed to find him so far misconceiving the meaning and force of a word as he does in i. 561, where he translates Jupiter's taunt of Juno,

ἀπορίν, αὐτὶ πιν δίκαι, οὐδὲ οὐ λόγος

Harsh-tongued, thou ever dost suspect me thus;

but where the real meaning is a catching-up of the goddess's last words—"Think! dame, you're always 'thinking.' " But we do not suppose that Mr. Bryant is concerned so much about the merits of his translation as a literal version that might serve the student for a crib, as for its pretensions to be a readable and poetic version of the noblest and first of epics. He is creditably well read in his commentators; but he is a great deal more noteworthy for the ease and skill with which the Greek is transposed into English in suchwise that the unlettered reader or hearer might well suppose that the poem was original. There is a well-known passage in the Sixth Book (145, &c. *Tυδεΐδη μηδόμεν ε. τ. λ.*) in which Glaucus answers Diomed's inquiries as to his descent; and it will serve as an average specimen of Mr. Bryant's style and manipulation of the Greek:—

O large-souled Diomed,
Why ask my lineage? Like the race of leaves
Is that of humankind. Upon the ground
The winds strew one year's leaves: the sprouting wood
Puts forth another brood, that shoot and grow
In the spring season. So it is with man!
One generation grows while one decays.
Yet since thou takest heed of things like these
And askest whence I sprang—although to most
My birth is not unknown—there is a town,
Lapped in the pasture grounds where graze the steeds
Of Argos, Ephrya by name; and there
Dwelt Sisyphus Εολίδες, most shrewd
Of men, &c. &c.

A comparison of this extract with the original will show how easily, and without hurt to the sense, the modern poet has moulded his copy so as avoid anything like angularity or ruggedness. The connecting particles of the original in such lines as the first of those we have italicized disappear, or are retrenched, without the alteration being felt; and in the case of the second italicized line, a phrase of pregnant beauty, *μυχῷ Ἀργεὶς οὐραβόροις*, acquires new and full justice in a periphrasis which has not, if we examine it, a single word of redundancy. It seems indeed, to be a part of Mr. Bryant's gift as a translator to handle these compound epithets in a manner which combines literal completeness with poetical elegance, as in such expressions as

ἀργυρόπελτα Θίτια, θυγάτηρ ἀλίον γιροντος
Thetis of the silver feet, and child
Of the gray Ancient of the Deep (i. 538).

and numberless others of similar fitness. We must, however, take exception to an uncanny Latinism in a passage at the close of the Seventh Book, where it would have been well had he foreborne to call the allies of the Trojan host "their auxiliar warriors."

It must not, however, be supposed that Mr. Bryant wastes his space upon the Homeric epithets which eke out the rhapsodist's line, and serve in the original to meet the exigency of the moment. He does them fair justice, but no more, allowing himself the license of omission which Homer took when it served his purpose. And there is another point as to which, though we fancy the verdict of scholars is mostly adverse to him, he will probably command the sympathies of old-fashioned people and of general readers—to wit, the use of the Latin names of the Greek deities mentioned by Homer. His justification of the course adopted is certainly entitled to consideration. "I make no apology," he writes in his preface, "for employing in my version the names of Jupiter, Juno, Venus, and others of Latin origin for Zeus, Hera, Aphrodite, and other Greek names of the deities of whom Homer speaks. The names which I have adopted have been naturalized in our language for centuries, and some of them, as Mercury, Vulcan, and Diana, have even been provided with English terminations. I was translating from Greek into English, and I therefore translated the names of the gods, as well as the other parts of the poem."

In its characteristic simplicity this version is unlike most of its blank-verse fellows. It is but natural to set it side by side with that of the late Lord Derby. There is a difference, and one that may be felt. The latter is smooth, dignified, and, in its way, simple also; but it hardly achieves the same freedom from inversions of style, and the same close resemblance to the simple construction of the original, which Mr. Bryant, with his long practice in the cultivation of poetry, has been able to realize. We are struck with this at the very outset, where Atrides is ordering off Chryses, and, according to Lord Derby, announces that his daughter's doom is

Within my walls, in Argos, far from home
Her lot is cast, domestic cares to ply,
And share a master's bed.

The American translator sticks closer to the simple letter of Homer, and yet with no sacrifice of force or elegance:—

This maiden I release not till old age
Shall overtake her in my Argive home,

Far from her native country, where her hand
Shall throw the shuttle, and shall dress my couch;
Go chafe me not, if thou wouldest safely go.—*Il. i. 29-32.*

The line in italics meets exactly the relation of paramour and captive involved in the Greek,

τορῶν ἴνοιχοπίννην καὶ λιόν τίχον ἀντίσσωσαν.

We have little room for quotation, and indeed the work can but imperfectly be judged by piecemeal, though we can confidently recommend it for perusal as a whole. A snatch from the beginning of the Third Book will at any rate show the author's skill and facility in welding Homer's lines into simple, connected, and intelligible English verse:—

But silently the Greeks
Went forward, breathing valour, mindful still
To aid each other in the coming fray.
As when the south wind shrouds a mountain top
In vapors that awake the shepherd's fear—
A surer covert to the thief than night,
And round him one can only see as far
As one can hurl a stone—such was the cloud
Of dust that from the warriors' tramping feet
Rose round their rapid march, and filled the air.

The parting scene between Hector and Andromache in Book VI. will also bear being read again in this version. Here is Hector's prayer at the close of it:—

O Jupiter, and all ye deities,
Vouchsafe that this my son may yet become
Among the Trojans eminent like me,
And nobly rule in Ilium. May they say,
"This man is greater than his father was!"
When they behold him from the battle-field
Bring back the bloody spoil of the slain foe—
That so his mother may be glad at heart.

We congratulate our American kinsfolk on having a poet among them who in his green old age has produced a translation of the Iliad worthy to live amongst the best experiments of the kind in our common language.

FREEMAN'S HISTORY OF THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF WELLS.*

THERE are few pleasanter sights in England than the view which one gains from the central tower of Wells. The little town itself, a mere street of brown-tiled houses running past the grey minster, lies nestling in a cup-like hollow of sloping meadows beneath the rounded mass of Mendip; outliers of barer limestone close round it to the east; to the west the eye ranges over the low rise of Wookey across the marl-hills of Wedmore, the scene of the great peace which ended *Ælfred's* strife with the Dane, to the dim outline of Brean Down on the horizon, with the unseen waters of the Bristol Channel at its feet. It is only to the south that the view breaks freely away across the grey marsh-levels, with Tor rising from the midst of them above the abbey ruins of Glastonbury. In the lectures which he has embodied in the present book Mr. Freeman has endeavoured to sketch the ecclesiastical fortunes and the architectural history of this pleasant little place.

But, although originally addressed to the inhabitants of Wells, these lectures of Mr. Freeman have far more than a local interest. The object of their author is, as he himself states, in the first place to point out the way in which local and general history may be brought together, and in the second to call attention to the true nature and purposes of our Cathedral foundations. But we are not sure that the form in which this sketch has been thrown has not exercised a somewhat happy influence on the general treatment of the subject. One of the great difficulties in the way of a really learned writer is to realize the actual ignorance of the audience whom he addresses. It is difficult in the quiet of a study to remember always to begin from the beginning, to assume nothing as known, to abstain from analogies or allusions which in the utter absence of all knowledge on the part of that odd creature called "the general reader"—we suppose because he generally does not read—may throw an additional perplexity over the subject. The lecturer, on the other hand, like the preacher, is brought face to face with the perfectly blank surface on which he has to write his facts and dates; he learns to be simple, to be patient, to take advantage of every accidental bit of information or tag of interest he may discover in his hearers, not to fear occasional diffuseness and repetition, or a deviation here and there from the "dignity of history." Mr. Freeman's lectures are models in their way of a kind of literary accommodation in which the writer never forgets his own self-respect. They are throughout simple and genial in style, relieved sometimes by humour, sometimes by digressions, sometimes by a burst of honest indignation, but never losing hold of the attention of the hearer or reader, never taking the second step before securing the first, learned and instructive throughout, but always intelligible. As far as style is concerned we confess to a preference for this little book over the greater and more important works by which Mr. Freeman is more widely known; but its merits are not simply those of style. It is in the breadth and largeness with which a subject at first sight of so restricted an interest is treated that its chief excellence lies, and it is in this way that it may be specially useful to the class of "local historians." We have often deplored the utter absence of local history in England.

* *History of the Cathedral Church of Wells.* By E. A. Freeman, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1870.

It is impossible to traverse the smallest town in France or Switzerland without finding some local monograph, small and cheap, but drawn up by men of real knowledge, and working in a genuinely historical way. In England such a monograph is never to be found. One's choice always lies between an utterly worthless "guide-book" which serves to advertise a pet hotel or to puff an enterprising stationer, and the bulky and unpurchasable quarto which was drawn up by some industrious antiquary half a century ago. For the general reader such volumes are utterly useless, but their bulk is far from being the only obstacle to their utility. The "county history" is in nine cases out of ten the work of some village archaeologist without the smallest knowledge of the annals either of his own country or any other, whose ambition hardly rises higher than the hope of flattering local families, to whom everything that is unprinted is of the same value, and everything printed of no value at all, and whose big book is made up of big type, big margins, and verbose twaddle. The histories of our towns are even more wretched than those of our counties. We have seen bulky volumes about London in which its municipal revolutions were never mentioned; the story of the communal contests from which the actual life of the town took its being is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred never even touched upon, or indeed known, by its historian. Mr. Freeman has no such opportunities as the historian of London or Bristol; he has left to others the municipal history of Wells, and even its ecclesiastical annals are uneventful enough; it never seems to have been very different from the Sleepy Hollow which it is now. But at every step this uneventful story is made to illustrate the larger story of the nation itself, and to receive in turn illustration from it. The very site of the Cathedral Church leads to a sketch of the peculiarly national character of the early English Church; Gisela's reforms lead us out to Metz and Chrodegang; ecclesiastical pluralities take us back to the influence of feudalism on the Church; the completion of Jocelyn's cathedral is linked to the new spirit of independence which marked its age; the relations of the State and the Church are briefly examined in discussing the changes of the Reformation; the arrangements of the choir introduce us to a sketch of the installation of a Bishop of Bayeux a couple of years ago. It is especially in the architectural criticism which forms one of the most attractive portions of the book that this breadth and freedom of treatment is most remarkably displayed. The comparative method has some obvious disadvantages in architectural as indeed in all art criticism, but it gives an interest to these pages of Mr. Freeman's which few pages of their kind possess. Wells serves as a text from which the larger lessons of construction are boldly drawn, and enforced by grouping round its little cathedral the mightier structures, not merely of Canterbury or Lincoln, but of Laon or Rheims. Whatever its disadvantages, it is clear that such a course at least exempts the critic from all local favouritism. We hardly know what the good people of Wells, or indeed a good many other people, will think of the slashing onslaught on the famous West front of the cathedral, but it is a characteristic piece of criticism:—

The west front of Wells is a thing which it is the fashion to rave about. It is the finest part of the church; the finest thing in Somersetshire; the finest thing in England; for aught I know, the finest thing in the world. I am perverse enough to think differently, and to look on the west front as the one part of the church of Wells which is thoroughly bad in principle. It is doubtless the finest display of sculpture in England; but it is thoroughly bad as a piece of architecture. I am always glad when I get round the corner, and can rest my eye on the massive and simple majesty of the nave and transepts. The west front is bad, because it is a sham—because it is not the real ending of the nave and aisles, but a mere mask, devised in order to gain greater room for the display of statues. The architecture, in short, is sacrificed to the sculpture. A real honest west front, if it have two towers, will be made by the real gable of the nave flanked by a tower at the end of each aisle. So it is at York; so it is at Abbeville; so it is at Llandaff. Or a front may, like those of Winchester, Gloucester, and Bath, have no towers at all, but may simply consist of the endings of the nave and aisles, set off with turrets and pinnacles. Or a front may be, like that one glorious and unequalled front at Peterborough, built up in front of and across the endings of the nave and aisles, but without at all professing to be itself their finish. All these forms are honest; but I deny the honesty of such fronts as those at Wells, Salisbury, and Lincoln. In all these cases the front is not the natural finish of the nave and aisles; it is a blank wall built up in a shape which is not the shape which their endings would naturally assume. It is therefore a sham; it is a sin against the first law of architectural design, the law that enrichment should be sought in ornamenting the construction, in giving a pleasing form, and such enrichment as may be thought good, to those features which the construction makes absolutely necessary, not in building up anything simply for the sake of effect. The main features in a front should be the windows and doorways. There must be some windows and some doorways; it is the business of the architect to make these necessary features the main sources of ornament. Now in the Wells front the windows and doorways are made nothing of; they could not be altogether got rid of, but they seem to have been felt as mere interruptions to the lines of sculpture. They are therefore stowed away as they best may be, and they do not form, as they should, the main features of the front. Look, for instance, at Llandaff; the front suffers much from the incongruity of the two towers built at different times: but look at the ending of the nave itself; that perfect composition of lancets, inside and out, is, as it should be, the main feature; at Wells the west window is made nothing of; it is simply cut through the sculpture. The small size of doorways is a common fault of English as opposed to foreign churches; but at Wells they reach the extreme point of insignificance in those narrow mouseholes at the end of the aisles, through one of which we are commonly driven to creep, while the west doorway remains shut. But even the west doorway itself is a very small mouthful, I will not say after Laon or Rheims, but after York; nay even at Lichfield and Salisbury the doorways have a little more of dignity than they have at Wells. In a really good design the architectural features ought to be the first thing; sculpture or any other source of ornament should be secondary. At Wells the rule is reversed; a sham wall is built up and loaded with statues, and the windows and doorways are left to shift for themselves.

But whatever be the protest of Wells orthodoxy against this attack on their West front, Mr. Freeman will only carry with him the sympathy of all lovers of architecture in his emphatic remonstrance against the official carelessness, and worse than carelessness, which is dooming to destruction the almost unique group of buildings which surround the Close. Not many years ago a fine prebendal hall was wantonly pulled down in the North Liberty. "Some of those whose duty it was to keep it up said that they had never seen it. I had seen it; anybody who went by could see it; and every man of taste knew and regretted it." At another time a piece of the ancient wall of the Close is ruthlessly demolished to open a vista from "the windows of the Swan Inn." Even while these lectures were printing the work of destruction was going on, and the Organist's House, whose north gable and elegant window formed a striking object in crossing the Cathedral Green, has fallen into ruins. It is almost incredible that a munificent private offer to repair it had been, "for what reasons no man can guess," refused shortly before.

That monuments of national interest should be left in the charge of such bodies as the Dean and Chapter of Wells can hardly be tolerated much longer. To the ignorance and greed of cathedral bodies we owe year by year the loss of historic memorials which nothing can replace. But questions such as these will have to be resolved in the light of a much larger question, the question of cathedral establishments in themselves. That they can continue to exist as they are is, in spite of the satisfaction of the Deans of Westminster and St. Paul's, impossible. But if they are to be really reformed, it must be after a very different fashion from the reforms of forty years ago, reforms conducted by men utterly ignorant of the history of cathedral foundations and whose only principle of action lay in throwing out tub after tub to amuse the whale. That the same ignorance is still to be found in high places is plain enough from the discussion of the subject which took place in Convocation few weeks ago. No one quite reached the height of ignorance attained by Dean Stanley when he called his own abbey-church "a cathedral without a diocese"; but hardly any one seemed to have a clear idea of what a cathedral either was or might be. Before another discussion takes place let us hope that some of the speakers will read this little book of Mr. Freeman's. We have nowhere seen so clear and accurate an historical sketch of the various stages through which our cathedral establishments have passed into their present pitiable condition, or more temperate and practical suggestions as to the way in which, without any breach of historical continuity, that condition might be remedied. It is indeed in a simple historical retrogression to the original plan of their foundation that he finds the remedy. The conditions of the problem are clear enough. The cathedral is the chief church of the diocese, and it is requisite that its staff of clergy should be sufficient to conduct its services with a dignity corresponding to its position. But it must really be made the chief church of the diocese, and not, as it is now, the one church really extra-diocesan; and the clergy attached to it must form the permanent official staff for administration. The duties, dignified and important as they would be, of the various members of Chapter need not be so onerous as to prevent them from enjoying that literary retirement which it is so important to preserve in the Church of England. But the very slightest modifications of the original scheme of our cathedral foundations, modifications which are very sensibly suggested by Mr. Freeman in the pages of this book, would provide us with a body of resident clergy, acting as a permanent episcopal staff, and at the same time possessed of dignified leisure. For these suggestions, however, we must refer to the book itself. It is not merely a model of local history as such history should be written; it is at the same time a most valuable contribution to the theory of Church Reform.

MORISON'S EXHORTATION TO STYRRE ALL ENGLYSHMEN.*

THERE is a copy of this very scarce work of Sir Richard Morison's in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, in the Lincoln Collection, which derives its name from Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, who was as it were its founder, having bequeathed a considerable portion of his library to the University. The particular volume in which the tract is bound up with three or four other publications almost as scarce as itself does not belong to the original collection, but seems to have been presented by Dr. Hutton, who at the end of the seventeenth century was Chief Librarian. We are not aware of the existence of any other copy. It bears the date 1539, and must we think have been issued early in that year. Its rarity has perhaps shielded it from notice. We are not aware that any writer of history has ever referred to its contents, though the book itself is duly chronicled in Dibdin's *Ames*, and appears amongst the other publications of its author in the account of his life given in the *Athenae Oxonienses*.

Morison had already been employed by Cromwell, and had cast in his lot with the King and his Vicar-General in Ecclesiastical Causes. He was chosen by Cromwell to sit in the Parliament summoned to meet on the 28th of April, 1539, in order, as Cromwell alleged to the King, that he might "be ready to answer and take up such as would crake or face with literature of learning or

by indirecty wayes if any such shalbe, as I think there shalbe fewe or none; for as moch as I and other your dedicates Conseillers be aboutes to bring all things so to passe, that your Majestie had never more tractable Parliament." This letter was written March 17, 1539, and it must have been about the same time that Morison published his *Exhortation*, no doubt under the instructions of the same person. The pamphlet itself is very curious, and it is in relation to its contents rather than to its bibliographical rarity that we draw attention to it now. It is evident that there was a much greater fear of foreign invasion entertained at that time than would be gathered from the accounts given by Herbert or any other more modern historian of the reign. It may excite some surprise that, at a time when comparatively so few persons could read a printed book, such a method should have been adopted of stirring up the commonalty to defend their country. It could not be expected to reach any lower level of education than that on which the members of the two Houses of Parliament stood. But Secretary Cromwell and Master Morison, as he was at that time called, knew very well what they were about. And it was perhaps thought worth while to magnify the terrors of a foreign invasion, in order to confirm the existing prejudice against Papal exactions, which had already been made to do such good service in the matter of the divorce from Catharine of Aragon. To excite hatred against the Pope, and to promote a contemptuous feeling towards Cardinal Pole, who was supposed to be his chief instrument, was the principal aim of the treatise. And the author took care to interlard his pages with such scurrilous stories about Papists as he could rake together.

The book commences with the observation that, though there is present peace, there are signs of coming hostilities; and the writer comments much upon the reciprocal duties of kings to protect their subjects, and of subjects to rally round and fight for their king. Morison was a man of considerable learning, and refers to numerous instances both in sacred and profane history in defence of his positions. These look rather like a display of learning than as if the author expected that they would tell as precedents. The following are specimens of his style and matter:—

Percease the Bishop of Rome is perswaded that men here are of two sortis, some yet remaining his true friends. Reynard, his man, may put this in his head. But I trust they both be deceived. I trust there be very few but they feel their knowledge much enlightened since this good father with his trumpery and baggage departed hence, enforced to despatch his wares in some other market of fools. Few, I think, but being brought from such a sort of errors into so many truths, truths that do so quiet all troubled consciences, but they find great cause to be glad of the change.

It is almost needless to say that Reynard, in the above extract, means Reginald Pole, the pun being more easily intelligible than it is now, owing to the Cardinal's Christian name being generally pronounced as it was spelt, Reynold. It is not improbable that "the market of fools" may be intended for a pun upon his surname, which was sometimes spelt and always pronounced Poole, and gave rise, as is well known, to the substitution of the designation Carnal Fool in place of Cardinal Poole.

We proceed to extract such passages as are of historical interest. The next is on the following leaf:—

The Bishop of Rome, foreseeing the damages that ensue to him and his, by the coming forth of God's Word, knowing also how much his vantages may daily increase, if errors be maintained in all Christian kingdoms, doth and will do what he can to overrun this way with a pestiferous Poole that floweth out of diode, that seeketh against nature to destroy the head from whence it first did spring. The bishop seeth if we walk in this way long he must walk to that he came from, that is to poverty, to preaching, to humility and obesitance. This is it that wrongeth him, at this he fretteth, for this he stirreth all these coals. They are little acquainted with the Bishop of Rome's practices that think he stirreth princes against us for any love or desire he hath, to advance God's honour. His whole acts declare him to mean all things rather than that.

After this follows a tirade against the Pope for refusing baptism to Jews and Turks, except on the condition of their renouncing all their possessions; and ascribing the former love felt by Popes for England to the Peter-pence that they derived from it. This part ends with the following choice *morceau*:—

Let our good father, which in very deed is much meeter to be a hogherd than a shepherd of men, let him curse until his tongue fall into hell; they shall be blessed that God blesseth.

And again, immediately afterwards, the author adds:—

Who would think that God's vicar could call princes that were going against the Turk to turn their force upon Christian princes? Who would think that he himself could have any good belief, being farther in love with Turks, which seek nothing more than the utter ruin of Christ's faith, than with us that refuse with our money to maintain his pride against God and his holy word.

After this he proceeds to observe that a certain ambassador, upon returning to his own country, had given an account of Englishmen as having fallen off from their ancient activity, and that they were destitute of weapons of war and other means of fighting. This opinion is quoted in order to turn to account the late rising in the North, of which he says that people, if they were not blinder than beetles, would see that God had suffered it for the express purpose of providing against the attacks of foreign enemies, by thus experiencing the young to the use of horses and arms, and concludes as follows:—

Certes, whose is leading his subjects to the knowledge of God's word and the working of his will, may well assure himself that God will assist him, though that the tyrant of Rome, accompanied with a thousand legions of devils, bestow all their strength and malice to the hindrance of so godly a purpose.

* *An Exhortation to Styrre all Englyshmen to the Defence of their Countreys; made by Richard Morison.* Londini, in aedibus Thomae Bertheleti; Cum priuilegio ad imprimentum solum. Anno M. D. XXXIX.

Then follows a passage which points out in a striking way the bitter animosity of the King against Pole:—

If they trust in a traitor that can do nothing but utter his own malice and foolishness, unto whom all examples of Scripture threaten a shameful end, shall we, having a prince our captain, unto whom God bindeth us to owe all duties, whom God also promiseth to defend, not make the traitorous Cardinal's bloody hat cover a bloody pate? Might not the examples of Chære, Dathan, and Abiron preach to him and all that follow him, some strange kind of death? Absalom's father much desired that his son might escape unslain, commanding his captains and soldiers in any case to save him alive. His father would fain have had it so, but God would none of it. David said *Save my son Absalom*. Joab, chief captain, heard his commandment, and yet, when he saw him hang between the bowes by the heare, he could not but run him through with his lance. King David wept, and wished to have bought his son's life with the loss of his own. But God that beareth no such blind affection will allow no such change. The father forgave his part; God would in no wise remit his. If deeds may speak, do not so many examples as we have had a late preach shameful death to all traitors, to all rebels? Can any man think but that Poole hasteneth a pace to that that God's right judgment driveth him unto. Come not all they to their confusion that come to aid a traitor against his country, against religion, against God. Whom I pray you can he bring with him but such as Englishmen in time past have had fair days upon?

If they were wont to leave their own countries at the coming of a small English host, shall we feel fear of a few of them? I have hitherto handled the matter as though we were even as that gay ambassador reported us. But now I will a little show what they have won at our hands in times past, and how we are now as able as ever we have been to withstand them; they never weaker than now, for as our cause is able to enstrength all weakness, so is their quarrel able to make weapons fall out of the hands of men strongest.

Then follow various references to Froissart as to what Englishmen of old could do. The battles of Cressy, Poictiers, Agincourt, and others are referred to, and the men of the South are exhorted to be valiant, on the ground of the clemency that had been shown by the King in the recent Northern insurrection. He then, *à propos* of nothing, recounts an outrage committed by Petrus Aloisius, whom he calls a captain of the Church, on the Bishop of Phane (i.e. Fano), who had hospitably entertained him. It is needless to repeat a story of personal violence, the improbability of which most people would pronounce to amount to an absolute impossibility, and the disgusting details of which could not be reprinted here. Suffice it to say, that the story goes on with the assertion that the captain poisoned the bishop four or five days after the occurrence, and winds up somewhat abruptly with the statement that the captain's mother was brought to bed long before she was married, and that his father is now Bishop of Rome. Is not the "Church of Rome a darling unto Christ"?

We extract the only remaining passage which refers to Pole by name:—

Here I must needs tell that that I have heard Reynolde Pole the Cardinal oft say, and not I alone, but many more whom I can name, men of honest credit. This Pole, then a pearl of this country, now a foul pock to it, went to Rome, at his first being in Italy thinking to have lain there half a year and more. God, let me never speak nor write after this day if he hath not said and that very oft, when I have been in presence, that when he had been there three or four days and seen the abominations of the Cardinals, bishops, and others their officers, with the detestable vices of that city, he could in no wise tarry there any longer. He could not then abide five days in Rome, and now, ambition to be thanked, he hath this always in his mouth—*Roma mihi patria est*, Rome is my native country. Hath not Rome a wonderful virtue in it that thus soon can bring men at one with vice, in love with sin and abomination? If he, a traitor, forsakes his country, changeth England for Rome, fighting for them against us, shall we not stick to our country, not fight against all men in defence of England?

The author then proceeds to quote a Greek epigram about a man carrying a halter to a tree to hang himself with, but unexpectedly finding some treasure under the tree, and absconding with the money, leaving in its place the rope; upon which the owner of the treasure coming up, and finding his treasure gone, hangs himself with the halter. The application is as follows:—

The bishop of Rome thinketh to have a great prey here. The Cardinal thinketh so too. They may chance to seek hoards and find halters. They trust by this usage to win their spurs, perchance they may lose their boots too. At the beginning who could think but the last commotion would have done exceeding much hurt to England? God ever be thanked, we could scarce have wished it better; assuredly we might wondrous evil have lacked it. More examples might be brought, but the coming of this traitorous Cardinal, the commodities that I trust will ensue of it, shall make us mistrust few things hereafter except we become changelings, and for a trifl, leave that we have hitherto godly followed.

Further to encourage English subjects to support their King, he goes on to speak of him as a prince of invincible courage, who had given his subjects the advantage of reading God's word, and adds:—

His highness will in no case his subjects commit any fornication hereafter, with that abominable whore which hitherto these many years hath soured all kingdoms in the dregs of idolatry, of hypocrisy, of all errors. His grace wills their lousy merchants utter no more of their broken wares among us.

After some account of the pains taken by the King in fortifying the garrison on the sea-coast, at Calais, Dover, Portland, Plymouth, Yarmouth, &c., he says he will end with a prophecy, and then proceeds to interpret the proud eagle of the second book of Esdras as applying to Antichrist, which is Rome, the arms of which have always been the eagle; but *Ecce leo conciliatus de sylo rugiens*, and this must represent Henry VIII., because the lion has always been the badge of England. The concluding words of the Exhortation are as follows:—

Let this yelling eagle approach towards us, let her come with all her birds about her, let a traitor carry her standard. Doth not God say her wings shall be cut, her kingdom wax feeble, the lion wax strong and save the residue of God's people, filling them full of joy and comfort, even while the world endureth. Let us, let us therefore work heartily now; we shall play for ever hereafter. Let us fight this our field with English hands and English hearts; perpetual quietness, rest, peace, victory, honour, wealth, all is ours.

To complete the history of this little work it should be added that this censor of the morals of Popes and Cardinals was not himself absolutely immaculate. He is spoken of indeed by Wood as a patron of Peter Martyr, and as generally a favourer of the Protestant religion, for which he was exiled in Mary's reign, having been knighted for his services by Edward VI. To this Antony Wood in his quaint way adds:—

He left behind him a son named Charles, begotten on the body of his wife dame Bridget, and a natural son, named Marcellus Morysine, besides two daughters, begotten on the body of one or more concubines.

MY SCHOOLBOY FRIENDS.*

WE do not know that Mr. Ascott Hope has done worse than scores of others who have written stories of school-life. We must confess, however, that we generally find this kind of literature very uninteresting and untrue to nature. Even the best of school stories are too much like the romances of Red Indian life. If the author has skill enough to make his story tolerably interesting, every one feels that it is a romance after all, and that there never were such noble boys or such noble savages. We read *Tom Brown's School Days* with as much faith as we do *The Last of the Mohicans*. All sixth-form boys, like all Delawares, are perfect, while the big boys of the fifth, like the Pawnees, are wickedness itself. We have the same tremendous fights, the same stratagems, the same endurance under torments. Nay, even Tom Brown, when roasted before the school-room fire, almost surpasses the Delaware with the long name which has escaped our memory, who is saved by the opportune "crack of a solitary rifle." No one believes in the existence of such boys or of such savages. In reality the bad are not nearly so bad and the good are not nearly so good as they are represented, and, whether bad or good, they all plod on in a life which, to a looker-on at all events, would appear even more monotonous than it actually is. When we have read one of these stories we have read quite enough, and have no more appetite left for Indian skirmishes or schoolboy fights. It is indeed almost impossible for a story of school-life to be true to nature; for a boy, who alone understands the subject, can neither analyse his own feelings nor express himself clearly and forcibly, and by the time he has become a man, and has learnt to write, he has lost the necessary familiarity with his subject. It is curious to notice how much more capable men are of understanding the motives of other men than of boys, and how comparatively little each one can recall of the motives which influenced himself when a boy. It is not till boyhood has passed away that we begin to examine into character, and our recollections then of our own childhood are so indistinct that we confuse the feelings of an earlier age with those of a later age. It might be thought perhaps that a schoolmaster at all events, who is always among boys, could write a good story of school-life. But schoolmasters, on the one hand, by some mysterious dispensation, scarcely ever write correct English, and, on the other hand, they look upon boys, not as they are, but as they would like them to be. Then, too, they judge actions by a standard of their own, and confound too often high spirit with vice, and tameness of character with virtue. They are, too, so much given to moralizing that their stories in all probability would be almost equal in interest to a collected edition of the "applications" to *Aesop's Fables*. The conclusion seems to be that stories of schoolboy life cannot be written, as there is no one capable of writing them. Mr. Hope certainly is not an exception to this. It is scarcely necessary to unfold the plot of *My Schoolboy Friends*, for it is already familiar to every one. A boy goes first to a preparatory school, and then is passed on to a large school. He makes bad friends and gets into evil, and then he makes good friends and gets out of it. He has a fight with a big bully, and plays tricks on the masters. He is in awe of the head-master, but in greater awe of "Henderson Primus, the head and cock of the school and the terror of all bullies." He trespasses in the neighbouring fields, and gets chased by a big farmer. He goes into debt at the tart-shop, and becomes very penitent. He bolsters in the dormitories, and is caned; he does not learn his lessons, and is also caned. There is of course a funny boy who makes the jokes, and a good boy who dies. With such materials as these, and with the help of a great deal of slang, a story of 354 pages is spun out. It is not indeed, even then, finished, for the hero, who tells his own tale, breaks off suddenly, overcome with sorrow at the death of his bosom friend, who gets killed most obligingly in the last chapter. We are told, however, that we may expect a continuation of the story "if this part of it be approved of." We have no doubt that schoolboys will approve of this story, and will read as many more parts as Mr. Hope will write. The appetite of ordinary people, whether children or grown-up, for a minute account of the most petty incidents of daily life is apparently insatiable, and so long as any one will write of fighting, bullying, and the rest of it, so long may he count on having readers.

We cannot admit the justification of his story which Mr. Hope puts forth in his preface:—

In purveying literature for this class of the community, we are too much in the habit of considering what is interesting to us, and the boys are thus deprived of a kind of reading which is very interesting to them. We may see nothing at all interesting in a narrative of how two silly little urchins quarrelled and fought and made friends and had black eyes, and were sum-

* *My Schoolboy Friends*. A Story of Whitminster Grammar School. By Ascott R. Hope, Author of "Stories of School Life," "A Book about Boys," &c. &c. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo. 1870.

moned before the Rev. Mr. Draco, and were punished, or let off, as the case may be; but there was a period in our existence, before we acquired a relish for politics and scandal, when such events were of the utmost importance to us. But as our relish for scandal does not justify an author in "pervading" scandalous literature for us, so neither does a boy's relish for school scandal justify Mr. Hope in thus bountifully "pervading" for him. The question is not so much what a boy will read, as what he can be induced to read. Any one who is at all familiar with boys is quite aware how insipid, as a general rule, is their ordinary conversation—more insipid, if possible, than that of their mammas in their drawing-rooms. They will talk for hours of some cricket-match which they have never seen but only read of in some sporting paper, of the comparative strength of the biggest boy and one of the masters, of the probable result of a fight between the two, and of other similar topics. If, then, school-life is to be accurately depicted, page after page must be filled with such poor talk as this. But if boys must read of fighting, they had better read of the fighting of men. If they know enough Greek to enjoy Homer, they will surely get satiated before they reach the end of the Iliad. But if, as is most likely, they find that the Greek spoils the fighting, they have at all events Scott. Him at all events they will read, for though school stories are endlessly multiplied, the author of *Marmion* will ever be read, will ever have to apologize.

To thee, dear schoolboy, whom my lay
Has cheated of thy hour of play.

And for the big bully being thrashed by a fellow half his size, where after all do we find it better told than in the story of David and Goliath? The Philistine was the overgrown stupid lubber who bullied all the little boys, and the stripling of Bethlehem was the clever, daring little fellow who determined to fight him. We wish it could have so happened that Goliath had first given Jonathan a beating and so had roused David's wrath, and then the story would have been perfect.

Much as we find fault with the subject of all these stories, we find still greater fault with the language in which they are told. Schoolboys, as it is, too easily mistake slang for humour, and too easily pick it up. Slang talked is bad enough, but printed it is insufferable. Mr. Thomas Hughes had already done quite enough to spoil our language, and there was no need for Mr. Hope to come in to help him. Boys will, we suppose, talk of "beastly lies," "howling cads," "telling whoppers," and so on, but we do not see why Mr. Hope should record page after page of such very stupid talk. When we become men it is best to put away childish things. Such apparently is not our author's opinion, for he has spent not a little time in recording conversations of which the following is a fair specimen:—

"I don't!"
"Yes, you do."
"I'm sure I don't!"
"But I'm sure you do."
"Oh, of course you like contradicting! I never saw such a fellow for contradicting as you are, Kennedy."
"As yourself, you mean. Who's getting into a wax now?"
"I'm not. You are, I think."
"Am I?"

Mixed up with this are the usual stupid Dog-Latin jokes of the *mens tuus oculus* order. If Mr. Hope had had the glory of inventing this as the translation of "Mind your eye," he might perhaps have been excused for putting it into print. But, seeing that it has been current wit among many a generation of boys in the lowest form, we think he would have done well not to publish it. When a joke like the story of the old grouse in the gun-room has been laughed at these twenty years, it is better simply to allude to it, and not to repeat it. But, bad as are the jokes the boys make, the masters surpass them, if that were possible. Mr. Hope in his preface assures us "that the existence of Whitminster Grammar School and the masters thereof is fictitious." We are glad to learn this, though we scarcely think the disclaimer necessary. The School Commission certainly disclosed some very curious facts about not a few of the Grammar Schools. Nevertheless we do not believe that in one of the larger ones they found a master who would before his class make such miserable jokes as these:—

Well, your note is torn up, and I won't take any more notice of your writing it in school time. But, for the future, please remember that it isn't right to write notes in schools, unless it be notes of what I tell you. Why don't you laugh when I make puns, boys? If you don't laugh, I'll try whether *punishments* will make you cry. Now, then, some other fellow, *ignis via*—fire away.

To throw the necessary sentimentality over the whole, there is, as we have said before, a death at school. Even out of boys' books these miserable death-bed scenes cannot be kept, and our very children must be put through a preparatory course of this false sentimentality. By the time they attain manhood they will be as susceptible to fictitious sorrow as they will be indifferent to real suffering.

Surely there is no need for such books as these. The boys of this generation, with all their muscular Christianity, cannot be so far behind the generations that went before them that they reject De Foe and Scott and demand instead a strange mixture of slang and sentimentality. Even if "the cock of the school" and the captain of the Eleven are for the moment the only heroes, the day will come when Friday and the Disinherited Knight will again reign supreme in the hearts of all schoolboys.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, in
AID of the FUNDS of the GENERAL HOSPITAL (Thirty-fifth Celebration), on the
30th and 31st of August, and 1st and 2nd of September, 1870.

Principals Vocalists—Madame Titter, Mademoiselle Leonora—Serritton, Miss Edith Wynne,

Mr. Vernon Righy, and Mr. W. H. Cummings; Mr. Santley and Signor Foli.

Solo Pianoforte, Mademoiselle Arabella Goddard. Solo Violin, M. Sainton. Organist, Mr. Stimpson.

Conductor, Sir Michael Costa.

OUTLINE OF THE PERFORMANCES.

TUESDAY MORNING—Elijah, Mendelssohn.

WEDNESDAY MORNING—Naaman, Costa.

THURSDAY MORNING—Moses, Handel.

FRIDAY MORNING—St. Peter (a new Oratorio), Benedict (composed expressly for the Festival); Requiem, Mozart.

TUESDAY EVENING—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Cantata (Paradise and the Peri), J. F. Barnett's Concerto (composed expressly for the Festival); Miscellaneous Selection, comprising Mendelssohn's Concerto in G Minor and Overtures Fingal's Cave and Zampa.

WEDNESDAY EVENING—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Instrumental Work, A. S. Sullivan (composed expressly for the Festival); Choral Ode (ditto), Dr. Stewart. Second Part will consist entirely of Selections from the works of Beethoven.

THURSDAY EVENING—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Cantata (Nala and Damayanti), Dr. Hiller (composed expressly for the Festival); Miscellaneous Selection, including Kreutzer Sonata and Overture Guillaume Tell.

FRIDAY EVENING—Samson, Handel.

Programmes of the Performances will be forwarded by post on application to the undersigned, at the Offices of the Festival Committee, Ann Street, Birmingham, on and after August 6th.

By Order,
HOWARD S. SMITH, Secretary to the Festival Committee.

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ELIOT, C. J. BURGESS, Hon. Secy.

August 8, 1870.

